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THE IN-GATHERING

CIMON AND PERO
A CHAIN OF SONNETS
SEBASTOPOL ETC.

BY JOHN A. HERAUD.

600080486W

THE IN-GATHERING.

CIMON AND PERO,

AND OTHER POEMS.

THE IN-GATHERING.

CIMON AND PERO

A CHAIN OF SONNETS

SEBASTOPOL ETC.



BY

JOHN A. HERAUD.

Donne che avete intelletto d'Amore,
Io vuò con voi della mia donna diré;
Non perchè io creda sua laude finire,
Ma ragionar per isfogar la mente.
Dante.

LONDON:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.

1870.

280. n. 139.

" FIERCE WARS AND FAITHFUL LOVES."

Spenser.

LONDON:
STEVENS AND RICHARDSON, PRINTERS, 5, GREAT QUEEN STREET,
LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

TO A LADY.

BRILLIANT but burning not—such is thy wit;
Or if it wound, it wounds like Love; and all
Thy repartees are Cupid's shafts; and, lit
With the soft gleam of his sweet eye-glance, fall
With a subduing, yet a cheering flame,
Even like the glorious spirit whence they came,
Which with thine eyes they struggle to proclaim.
Thy spirit is an eagle, and doth soar
To kindle its keen glance at the mid-sun;
And all thy thoughts are eaglets, and the core
Of thy deep heart their nest; and they have won,
From the bright orb they commune with, that keen
Vision which dazzles where thy great smile flashes:
And common spirits fear thee, and do screen
Their owlet gaze beneath their leaden lashes,
And deem themselves the wise—dull wisdom theirs!
—For me, I love to see thee rise, and dare
And triumph, and breathe-in celestial airs,
And wave thy pennons in the solar glare,
Turning them all to gold. I'll mate thee there,
For 'tis where I delight to be—have been—
Though I am a thing of moodiness, and droop
Even in the midst of conquest or of hope,
Now full of fancy, now without a thought,
Silent and strengthless—daring then again,
Suddenly vigorous, and freshly wrought

The conflict—till I rise or reach the plain
Subdued, not yielding: but if otherwise,
I clap my wings, and hector in the skies
Over the fallen. What, and are we blamed
For these our feats, and fondness for them! Well.
What then? Why blame? Their spirits are not framed
For such high eleutherian strife; that spell
Which makes them fear, nerves us but all the more.
We triumph where they tremble,—they whose lore
Would teach us their calm prudence. Let it pass.
Thy wit and mine I've canvassed. Now, a glass,
Or a clear fountain for a mirror—come!
What see'st thou there? Worthy of such a mind,
A majesty of mien, fit for the home
Of intellect so mighty, soul enshrined
In plastic heaven's divinest workmanship
That ever graced the earth, and claimed the lip
Of praise, and eye of wonder. Awful love
Is thine, and man adores. The theme's above
My blazon—and I worship. From thy state
Look down, and on thy nameless votary,
Who thus inscribes such lofty vows to thee,
Smile with sublime approval; and his fate
Henceforth shall bless thee—and his gentler rhyme
Sacrifice doves, not eagles, the next time.

+0—

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"THE FEAST OF IN-GATHERING, WHICH IS IN THE END OF THE YEAR, WHEN THOU HAST GATHERED IN THY LABOURS OUT OF THE FIELD."—*Exodus xxiii.* 16.



THE IN-GATHERING.

*** By way of premonition to the intelligent reader, the Author has been advised to prefix to this volume the following Interpretation of the Allegory, supposed to be contained in the "Chain of Sonnets:"—

A KEY TO THE SONNETS.

"*He* for God only; *she* for God in him."—*Milton.*

I.—XVI. The Sonneteer apostrophises the Church which had tempted him to withdraw his allegiance from the State, her Husband, and to transfer it to her, because of her Lord's alleged infidelity in protecting other Sects. He refuses on the ground that the husband's infidelity is no valid justification of the wife's; and reminds her that nature and society have never extended the privilege to polyandry which they have occasionally granted to polygamy. The latter, indeed, is figuratively referred to by Hebrew bards and seers, as typifying the Common Headship of all churches. XVII.—XL. Reflections on God, Nature, and Man. The latest astronomical discoveries, and philosophical truths. Devout aspirations and acknowledgments of special providences. . . XLI.—XLIX. He proceeds to urge the

THE IN-GATHERING.

CIMON AND PERO,

AND OTHER POEMS.

"PUTARET ALIQUIS HOC CONTRA RERUM NATURAM FACTUM, NISI DILIGERE PARENTES PRIMA NATURÆ LEX ESSET."

Valerius Maximus, l. 5, c. 4.

"THE STARRY FABLE OF THE MILKY WAY
HATH NOT THY STORY'S PURITY."

Byron.

The poem of Cimon and Pero is written in the measure of SHAKSPERE'S *Venus and Adonis*; but in a style more severe, bearing in this respect some relation to the *Laodamia* of WORDSWORTH. The scene is laid in Argos, at a time thus described by MULLER in his *History of the Dorians*.

"After the battle of Leuctra, when the power of Lacedæmon was completely broken, and the Peloponnese had for a certain time lost its leader, the greatest anarchy began to prevail in Argos. Demagogues stirred up the people so violently against all privileged or distinguished persons, that the latter thought themselves driven to plot the overthrow of the democracy. The scheme was discovered, and the people raged with the greatest ferocity against the real or supposed conspirators. On this occasion more than 1200 of the chief persons (many upon mere suspicion), were put to death, and at length the demagogues, as fearing to carry through the measures which themselves had originated they endeavoured to avoid putting them into execution, suffered the same fate. This state of things was called by the name of *σκυταλισμὸς*, or *club-law;* it appears to have been a time when the strongest man was the most powerful. When the Athenians heard of these transactions, they purified their marketplace, thinking that the whole of Greece was polluted by such atrocities: it was, probably, at the same time that the Argives themselves offered an expiatory sacrifice to the mild Jupiter (*Ζεὺς Μειλίχιος*) for the blood which had been shed." Book iii., c. 9, § 1.

Murphy, the English dramatist, adopting the same legend for the basis of his *Grecian Daughter* as that on which the following poem is founded, lays the scene in Syracuse.

Valerius Maximus, who cites the incident as a "Foreign Instance of Filial Piety," also mentions a "Roman example." I shall quote from both, in an English dress.

"Pardon me, most ancient hearths, pardon me, eternal fires, if the context of our work lead us from your most sacred temple, to the more necessary rather than magnificent part of the city. For no misfortune, no poverty cheapens the price of piety. Rather the trial of it is the more certain, by how much the more miserable. The Pretor had delivered to the Triumvir a nobl

woman to be put to death in prison, being condemned for some heinous crime. But the keeper, compassionating her case, did not strangle her presently. All the while he gave her daughter liberty to come to her, after he had diligently searched that she carried her no food, believing that in a little time, she might be starved to death. But seeing her live many days without any alteration, he began to consider with himself by what means she kept herself alive; thereupon, more diligently watching her daughter, he observed her giving her breast to her mother, and pacifying the rage of her hunger with her nipples. The novelty of which wonderful sight, being by him related to the Triumvir, by the Triumvir to the Pretor, by the Pretor to the Council of the Judges, they granted the woman her pardon. What will not Piety invent, that for the preservation of a parent in prison found out so strange a means as this?"—V. M., l. 5, c. 4.

"The same is to be said of Pero's piety, who preserved her father, Cimon (condemned by the Judges to die of famine for some crime, real or supposed), and in prison, nourishing him like an infant, in his decrepit age, with the milk of her breasts. Men's eyes are fixed, and in an amaze when they behold this piece of Piety represented in painting"—V. M., l. 5, c. 4, note 1.

Sir John Cam Hobhouse, in his Illustrations to Canto IV. of *Childe Harold*, writes:—"That a Temple of Piety was built in the *Forum Olitorium*, by Acilius Glabrio, the Duumvir. . . . . Festus mentions that it was consecrated on a spot where a woman once lived who had nourished her father in prison with her own milk, and was thus the occasion of his being pardoned. Solinus has much the same account. It is a pity that *so fine a tale* should be liable to such contradictions. The father in Festus is a mother in Pliny (Hist. Nat. lib. vii. c. 36), and the plebeian of the latter is a noble matron in Valerius Maximus . . . . . It seems clear, however, that Festus and Pliny allude to the same story, and that the change of sex was, perhaps, occasioned by some confusion of the father of Glabrio with the mother of the pious matron. Or, perhaps, with the other Grecian story told by Valerius Maximus, of Cimon and Pero, of which there was a fine picture."

CIMON AND PERO.

I.

Sad as dern Eve to moody Mariner,
fter a day of rain upon the Sea ;
White-headed Cimon heard the Sentencer—
y you who ruled in Argos, once the free,
Death-doomed, though death on him was shading fast—
And, guarded, from the Demiurgi passed.

II.

By party hate had Cimon been accused,
f noble sentiments and angry speech,
On popular Authority abused,
hat, where it ought to learn, presumed to teach :
And so the partial Judges sentence spake,
And him condemned unheard, for faction's sake.

III.

Stone-hearted men ; whom nought to pity moved,
or age, nor rank, nor bearing bold yet meek :—
For what in other eyes made him beloved,
hey hated him, and wore an iron cheek—
Though the stern Gaoler's felt the big drops roll,
And hard of heart wept for the brave of soul :

IV.

For agèd Cimon, and the harsh decree,
That bade his hand perform the doom of death—
"Needs not anticipate his time," said he,
"By murther, though judicial; soon his breath
Will of itself surcease, of food bereft."
Hence in his cell untouched was Cimon left.

V.

Fair Pero! thou hast sought thy Sire in vain,
For where he used to haunt, he had not spoke.
At length, suspicion flashed on Pero's brain,
How noble manners might the time provoke;
Filial, she found the public prison straight,
And (for 'twas night) crouched down before the gate.

VI.

What clamour she could make from time to time
She did assay;—but deaf those portals were:—
The lock was mute,—its wards refused to chime
What had been music to her listening ear:—
So when no hope remained, despair she brooked,
And watched the pitying moon that paler looked.

VII.

How long ere Day would break:—"O, laggard Day!
What keeps thee back? Is't Envy? or is't Spite
Small room, methinks, for either. Nay, O, nay!
Thou carèst not for me—forsaken quite!
Why should the horses of the Sun make hast
Or veilèd Eös, offspring undebased?

VIII.

" Freeborn Equestrians! ye do little reck,
hom armèd heel of rabble Power may spurn,
Or rude Scorn trample on the prostrate neck!
oreover, ye are heavenly—and do burn
In your immortal glories unconsumed!
Man wastes—dies; and his ashes are inhumed.

IX.

" O ye! O ye! ye are sacred from all grief—
; were ye not, yet still it were the same!
'Twere to risk all, to render me relief—
hy should for me too-early morning flame?
Let the great World sleep on—while, huntress dear,
Chaste Artemis pursues the Shades of Fear."

X.

Saying these words, she hushed within her heart
patient murmurs; till the Hour came on,
That chillest hour, when all the Stars depart,
ve one, Eösphorus, great Eös' son,
Who, with divine indifference, precedes
His Mother's golden chariot and white steeds.

XI.

Helius succeeded soon, her radiant brother,
pparent from the glowing Oriënt:
Bright laughed one Argive hill, and then another;
ext smiled the vales, and rivers dimpling went;
And on the stony step, where Pero sate,
Morn beamed, as if to mock her sad estate.

XII.

But she would not be mocked even by the morn,
And answered with like cheer; within her veins
A warmer current flowing, life re-born;
And now the end foreseeing of her pains,
She rose as if from sleep that strength renews,
And smiled through tears, like Eös through the dews.

XIII.

So, bold of heart, again she beat the gate,
And, as it chanced, though at such early dawn,
The Gaoler up, she had not long to wait.
Crouching and trembling like a listening fawn,
She heard the key placed in the iron wards,
And therein turn, and turn—until the guards

XIV.

Were all unlocked. And so wide open stood
The dreary entrance of the prison house,
To her not dreary in her filial mood;
A temple rather, where her virgin vows
Might be to Zeus appaid, . . pure worshipper;
And that rude Keeper was a priest to her.

XV.

Each speechless looked the other in the face,
And were of one another understood;
No words were needed from such maiden grace;
Therefore, by nought save her sweet aspect wooed,
He led her to the cell where Cimon lay—
To her a shrine that veiled a god from day.

XVI.

Such to her heart was her majestic Sire,
So truly loved, so faithfully adored,
In like degree; . . as if her heart were fire,
And all in it, still upward tending, soared;
And love were worship, and mere piety;
Like Eros wingèd for his native sky.

XVII.

Like Psyche with her lamp, she stood—as meek—
But he on whom she gazed was not the Boy
Of light and flowing locks and rosy cheek—
Hoar Saturn, rather than the young-eyed Joy,
He seemed—in some old cavern slumbering—
So grey his hair—in mien so like a king.

XVIII.

The Boy incarnates but a Principle—
This in her heart was living, unabused,
In heavenly abstraction, capable—
And in her countenance is now effused,
Beholding there her father in repose,
Serenely solemnized above all woes.

XIX.

Well too might Sage of that grey Man have said,
eroic person of some Truth divine
Best in such reverend form were symbolèd—
d such he might be—for he gave no sign
Of Pero being by;—the very Sleep,
Perchance, that couched aforetime on the Deep

XX.

And what if Death—that shall at last,—it seems,—
O'er hushèd Night, and her sole progeny,
Laughter and Woe, Change and Sleep's self, and
Dreams,
Dread Nemesis, Old Age, and Discord, lie
Brooding with Mother Chaos? Ha! the though
Has in her aspect alteration wrought.

XXI.

So to his silent mouth her pensive lips
She presses tenderly, that she might feel
Whether the breathing Spirit had met eclipse:
That filial kiss might make no vain appeal—
And Cimon on his Daughter's oped his eyes,
Each with mute questions and unspoke replies.

XXII.

Words flowed at length, but, in advance, implied
Beginning, and into the midst of things
Ran voluble, as at the height of tide—
"O Father!—awful in thy sufferings—
For if the good must to the bad yield thus—
Less old the gods indeed than Erebus* !"

XXIII.

"Arraign not Fate,"—said Cimon, loyally
Religious—"eldest of all things is She—
Next Chaos, the pure space, whose energy
Made Earth, and Tartarus and Love to be:
Darkness and Night, her issue, wed each other—
And Night bore Day and Æther to her Brother

* *Darkness.*

XXIV.

" Earth was the Genetrix of Heaven,—to whom
e brought forth children, who the Titans were—
Whereof, old Saturn from his Son met doom,
vain avoided, empire's destined heir.
Thus even the gods are subject unto Fate,
And taxing them we sin against her state

XXV.

" Inviolable, more than forest huge,
hich no known foot hath entered, deep, obscure.
Far from my soul the sceptic's subterfuge!
)t *I* would pierce the Mystery—but endure.
The last retreat of Science be the first—
Herein is Wisdom—therein thou wert nurst."

XXVI.

' Sage Sire!"—then answered Pero—" sweet from thee,
ine philosophy's severest lore
ills on my ear, like starry harmony.
:e learn I not to question, but adore—
Lo! I submit. The Will of Fate be done—
Change known by Heaven, on Earth may be begun."

XXVII.

each the other cheered, as sitting there,
sing on the dungeon-floor, till stirred
th keen hunger toward other cheer,
', as the interchanging word
fed the mind; and Cimon there forlorn
needed food, a day and night and morn.

XXVIII.

Let nought thereof spake he, in silence stern
solved what malice had imposed to bear ;
Till Pero's appetite new-edged, in turn,
y her night-watch and the sharp morning-air,
She said—"But we want food"—then rose and went,
While Cimon mutely smiled at her intent—

XXIX.

She went, and asked the Gaoler, as of course,
For bread, or for what else might be their fare,
In that rude home wherein they dwelt perforce :
He heard her with grave looks, a rigid air ;
And, with a moving brow, denial made,
And even to bring in nourishment forbade.

XXX.

Then she knew all the peril that hung o'er
The life of her belovèd Father dear—
And passed into the cell, and him before
Sate face to face, and looked like sculptured Fear—
But from the resignation of his eye,
She gathered patience great o'er agony.

XXXI.

Oh ! mightiest force of filial Passion—strong
As Love maternal—strongest of all love—
That, on that face resigned, doth *still* prolong
Her contemplation, as without remove,
Intense, enquiring of evasion strange—
[illegible] *that* wild fear an ever blest exchange !

XXXII.

So long she looked, her eyes seemed fixing—b.
ut not with tears—they wanted that relief:—
Then rose her hands instinctive, undesigned,
p to that forehead so serene in grief,
And on each side containing it, embraced—
The while her eyes its every wrinkle traced.

XXXIII.

At once their founts are touched—they gush—th
flow—
nd her sweet lips feel motion, and rain down
Kisses with tears upon that face and brow.
ıen in her arms enfolded, as a crown,
She cushions on her bosom that grey head,
And clasps it close, a charge of love and dread.

XXXIV.

'My child! my child! and I am now thy child,"
l Cimon; "as thy child, I slumber now
'pon thy breast, as lovingly beguiled,
ın thy mother's, Pero! once didst thou.
O, happy she, who to her grave departed,
A blessèd Wife, no Widow broken-hearted!"

XXXV.

h, Father!" she replied, "ah, Father! Father!
oime! when on her breast I lay,
utriment my infant lips might gather;
there of life had fount and bay,
d *there* I couched and, at the very spring,
ffed milk and honey, without stint or sting

XXXVI.

"Warm was the pillow of her breast to me;
Cold mine to thee, though zealous my desire—
Cold as they fable Charity to be,
Which is itself a well of liquid fire—
The gods have put a thought into my heart,
It must be they—I glow in every part!"

XXXVII.

Hereat her simple chiton she removed,
And bared one globe of virgin snow to view—
That he who gave her being so beloved,
As she an infant from her mother drew,
Might draw life's nurture thence, in this extreme
Then Cimon wept,—as at his Daughter's dream.

XXXVIII.

He feared that sorrow had to phrenesy
Bewrayed her pious mind. But she did place
The nipple to his gums, and thirstily,
Taught by first nature or of special grace,
He sought to inhale, as prompted by despair,
And appetite grown fierce,—the exhausted air.

XXXIX.

Nor backward she to help; her fingers pressed
The juicy swellings of that nervous orb;
But most her Will she passed into her breast,
Most potent to dispose and to absorb,
And to secern, from all parts into one,
The life of all:—*O* miracle! 'tis done!

XL.

O, Miracle! beyond all ever writ—
O, admirable Piety! O, Wonder
Of filial Love! O, Work, past all the wit
Of Nature, yet which she must suffer under,
And aid in its creation! O, the Might,
Glory and Truth of Virtue's inward Light!

XLI.

All things that are descend. Flame and all plants,
Though upward growing, still by base and root
To downward centre cling. The Heart still pants
For the Heart under it, in attribute;
Man first loves Woman, . . she reciprocates;
Parental love on children gravitates.

XLII.

But the return is tedious, and, though made,
Is never equal, nor is alway sure;
Needs to be fed, excited, or 'twill fade:
Hence Piety we prize as insecure—
Urge as a Duty—as a merit claim—
And crown, if constant to the end, with fame.

XLIII.

But Pero's piety was more than this—
A love aspiring as by native right,
And to its source returning unremiss,
Easy in its ascent and exquisite—
In the *immunity* of spirit, freed
From all save mandates by itself decreed.

XLIV.

The Mother of her Sire, and he her Son—
O, Victory of Mind—of Moral Power
O'er natural impediment fordone—
Yet no inversion of her legal dower :
The Law of Nature but o'er Nature rules,
Now and for ever—only now it *schools*.

XLV.

For the Profound itself is the Sublime,
The Height and Depth are both identical :
On the round Earth we stand, and Heavenward climb,
But seek it too beneath us, circling all—
Above and *Under* are but words !—Away !
Power daunts the soul—she speaks, and we obey.

XLVI.

O, Power of Piety ! the world shall feel,
And hold in everlasting memory
This high example of thy holy zeal.
Great Power ! I bow before thy majesty !
And with new force now turn again to tell,
After such pregnant instance what befell.

XLVII.

Thus day by day was Cimon visited
By pious Pero, and thus day by day
Was with her milk as by a mother fed.
And duly as she came and went away,
The Gaoler searched, but found on her no food ;
Till grew his wonder to solicitude.

XLVIII.

Hence he resolved that, on the morrow, he
Would keep strict watch upon her, and steal in
To Cimon's cell, and learn the mystery.
She came as she was wont—(the wreath to win
Of triumph for her deed!)—and to her Sire
Gave the full breast, quenching his famine's ire.

XLIX.

Heedless of all but him, o'er him she bent
Her heavenly face, how happy and how fair!
In loving contemplation reverent.
It was a vision beautiful and rare—
A god had worshipt, had he seen the twain,
And wished him mortal, such renown to gain.

L.

She heard not, when the Gaoler oped the door
A little space; and, looking, was amazed,
And, by his wonder led, came them before.
His heart leapt up, his eyes with light were dazed,
A radiance seemed to rainbow them about;—
And, having knelt, he prayed, and then passed out.

LI.

Straight with himself awhile he did consult:
It chanced the Senate were in session then,
In grave deliberation difficult;
For strife had grown 'mong democratic men,
They who *had doomed* to death now feared to slay,
And felt themselves as those who would betray.

LII.

Thus Murther raged and Malice—and the strong
Bore down the weak until a stronger came—
So Force was Law, and Violence no wrong.
Bruit being heard in Athens of the same,
The people purified their market-place,
As if all Greece partook of the disgrace.

LIII.

Hence Shame appeared in Argos, and men hid
The blushing visage from their neighbours' view,
And the loud demagogue was shunned and chid.
Therefore the Senate now had met anew—
And there the Gaoler witnessed at the bar
Of facts surpassing Nature's rule by far.

LIV.

No wonder that incredulous they heard—
And would depute a Senator to go
To Cimon's cell, while they thereon conferred:
The tale proved true, ye gods! their tears did flow:
And all unto the spot repaired with speed,
That pious sign—that Miracle to heed.

LV.

Then they believed that in the human heart,
Was something noble—regal—nay, divine—
And gave acknowledgement, in generous part,
To them who in that cell had reared a shrine—
And with one voice pronounced old Cimon free,
Themselves first knowing then true Liberty.

LVI.

The light of virtue penetrated through,
om Pero's goodness, into souls else dark,
And they perceived its brightness pure and true.
or failed they, in the mien of both, to mark
The quiet dignity of conscious rank,
Patient and loving, dutiful and frank.

LVII.

Thereafter, in full council they decreed,
n expiation unto Zeus the mild,
A sacrifice for those they made to bleed—
that the blood, in civil quarrel wild,
Ruthlessly shed, atoned for thus might be;
Blood flowing in the veins of men born free.

LVIII.

—— Yes!—there are things of beauty—full of beauty
s wassail-cups with wine! So rich our theme
In Power and Piety, in Love and Duty;
ence hath been hallowed like a prophet's dream.
Ye ancient Hearths! and ye eternal Fires!
Like you, it kindles, elevates, inspires.

EYES.

I.

When I look into thy eyes,
Bright as are Italian skies,
Skies that clouds may never dull,
Large, and blue, and beautiful—
What, though ample, they are fine,
Juno's eyes are gross to thine;
What, though Eastern poets tell
Of eyes of fawn or of gazelle—
Thine have a sweeter, tenderer spell,
Yet are strong and full as well.
O, thine ample eyes are doves,
Mild, majestic, twin-born loves—
Changing still, as fancy moves,
Still as feeling prompts and proves,
To those birds of azure plume,
That in wavelets dip their wings,
And the different hues assume,
Which the sunlight on them flings,
Whiles on and with the waters they,
To and fro, still sport and play.

II.

Thus my eyes still look on thine,
And thy eyes thus dwell on mine;
In their pupils I abide—
Be thyself in mine descried.
There thou dwellest, and when closed,
In my heart thou hast reposed—
Yes, my heart, when shut are they,
Enshrines thee, like a templed fay;
Whenas I ope my eyes on day,
Often, oh! thou'st fled away.
Sometimes in my eyes thou art,
Ever—ever in my heart.
Yet from them not alway gone,
When my lids fall them upon;
Even then, they pictures make,
Where thy shadow seems to swim,
Like a swan on faery lake,
Silvered with the moonlight dim—
When dark the world without to me,
I am hid in love with thee.

XXVIII.

Yet nought thereof spake he, in silence stern
Resolved what malice had imposed to bear;
Till Pero's appetite new-edged, in turn,
By her night-watch and the sharp morning-air,
She said—"But we want food"—then rose and went,
While Cimon mutely smiled at her intent—

XXIX.

She went, and asked the Gaoler, as of course,
For bread, or for what else might be their fare,
In that rude home wherein they dwelt perforce:
He heard her with grave looks, a rigid air;
And, with a moving brow, denial made,
And even to bring in nourishment forbade.

XXX.

Then she knew all the peril that hung o'er
The life of her belovèd Father dear—
And passed into the cell, and him before
Sate face to face, and looked like sculptured Fear—
But from the resignation of his eye,
She gathered patience great o'er agony.

XXXI.

Oh! mightiest force of filial Passion—strong
As Love maternal—strongest of all love—
That, on that face resigned, doth *still* prolong
Her contemplation, as without remove,
Intense, enquiring of evasion strange—
For that wild fear an ever blest exchange!

XXXII.

So long she looked, her eyes seemed fixing—blind—
But not with tears—they wanted that relief:—
Then rose her hands instinctive, undesigned,
Up to that forehead so serene in grief,
And on each side containing it, embraced—
The while her eyes its every wrinkle traced.

XXXIII.

At once their founts are touched—they gush—they flow—
And her sweet lips feel motion, and rain down
Kisses with tears upon that face and brow.
Then in her arms enfolded, as a crown,
She cushions on her bosom that grey head,
And clasps it close, a charge of love and dread.

XXXIV.

"My child! my child! and I am now thy child,"
Said Cimon; "as thy child, I slumber now
Upon thy breast, as lovingly beguiled,
As on thy mother's, Pero! once didst thou.
O, happy she, who to her grave departed,
A blessèd Wife, no Widow broken-hearted!"

XXXV.

"Ah, Father!" she replied, "ah, Father! Father!
Oime! oime! when on her breast I lay,
Fit nutriment my infant lips might gather;
A river there of life had fount and bay,
And there I couched and, at the very spring,
Quaffed milk and honey, without stint or sting.

XXXVI.

"Warm was the pillow of her breast to me;
Cold mine to thee, though zealous my desire—
Cold as they fable Charity to be,
Which is itself a well of liquid fire—
The gods have put a thought into my heart,
It must be they—I glow in every part!"

XXXVII.

Hereat her simple chiton she removed,
And bared one globe of virgin snow to view—
That he who gave her being so beloved,
As she an infant from her mother drew,
Might draw life's nurture thence, in this extreme
Then Cimon wept,—as at his Daughter's dream.

XXXVIII.

He feared that sorrow had to phrenesy
Bewrayed her pious mind. But she did place
The nipple to his gums, and thirstily,
Taught by first nature or of special grace,
He sought to inhale, as prompted by despair,
And appetite grown fierce,—the exhausted air.

XXXIX.

Nor backward she to help; her fingers pressed
The juicy swellings of that nervous orb;
But most her Will she passed into her breast,
Most potent to dispose and to absorb,
And to secern, from all parts into one,
The life of all:—*O* miracle! 'tis done!

XL.

O, Miracle! beyond all ever writ—
O, admirable Piety! O, Wonder
Of filial Love! O, Work, past all the wit
Of Nature, yet which she must suffer under,
And aid in its creation! O, the Might,
Glory and Truth of Virtue's inward Light!

XLI.

All things that are descend. Flame and all plants,
Though upward growing, still by base and root
To downward centre cling. The Heart still pants
For the Heart under it, in attribute;
Man first loves Woman, . . she reciprocates;
Parental love on children gravitates.

XLII.

But the return is tedious, and, though made,
Is never equal, nor is alway sure;
Needs to be fed, excited, or 'twill fade:
Hence Piety we prize as insecure—
Urge as a Duty—as a merit claim—
And crown, if constant to the end, with fame.

XLIII.

But Pero's piety was more than this—
A love aspiring as by native right,
And to its source returning unremiss,
Easy in its ascent and exquisite—
In *the immunity* of spirit, freed
From all save mandates by itself decreed.

XLIV.

The Mother of her Sire, and he her Son—
O, Victory of Mind—of Moral Power
O'er natural impediment fordone—
Yet no inversion of her legal dower :
The Law of Nature but o'er Nature rules,
Now and for ever—only now it *schools.*

XLV.

For the Profound itself is the Sublime,
The Height and Depth are both identical :
On the round Earth we stand, and Heavenward climb,
But seek it too beneath us, circling all—
Above and *Under* are but words !—Away !
Power daunts the soul—she speaks, and we obey.

XLVI.

O, Power of Piety ! the world shall feel,
And hold in everlasting memory
This high example of thy holy zeal.
Great Power ! I bow before thy majesty !
And with new force now turn again to tell,
After such pregnant instance what befell.

XLVII.

Thus day by day was Cimon visited
By pious Pero, and thus day by day
Was with her milk as by a mother fed.
And duly as she came and went away,
The Gaoler searched, but found on her no food ;
Till grew his wonder to solicitude.

XLVIII.

Hence he resolved that, on the morrow, he
Would keep strict watch upon her, and steal in
To Cimon's cell, and learn the mystery.
She came as she was wont—(the wreath to win
Of triumph for her deed !)—and to her Sire
Gave the full breast, quenching his famine's ire.

XLIX.

Heedless of all but him, o'er him she bent
Her heavenly face, how happy and how fair !
In loving contemplation reverent.
It was a vision beautiful and rare—
A god had worshipt, had he seen the twain,
And wished him mortal, such renown to gain.

L.

She heard not, when the Gaoler oped the door
A little space ; and, looking, was amazed,
And, by his wonder led, came them before.
His heart leapt up, his eyes with light were dazed,
A radiance seemed to rainbow them about ;—
And, having knelt, he prayed, and then passed out.

LI.

Straight with himself awhile he did consult :
It chanced the Senate were in session then,
In grave deliberation difficult ;
For strife had grown 'mong democratic men,
They *who had doomed* to death now feared to slay
And felt themselves as those who would betray.

VII.

My eyes are then the windows of my heart,
Whene'er their fringes shut them snugly in,
And there, as free from sorrow as from sin,
Pageants of Beauty come, and so depart—
But, loveliest of all forms, conceived by Art,
Or borne by mother Nature, most akin
Is thine to that Ideä which we win
Of Wisdom, studying her celestial chart,
That, fairly written, shows the formal way
To that far country where the meanest things
Are golden, lustrous with eternal day,
And meanest creatures wear angelic wings,
Whiles in the air a Voice, for ever gay,
Of the First Fair in sweetest music sings.

VIII.

O, but to warm these statues into life!
Idly Pygmalion fabled of his skill—
In vain I seek to woo the stubborn will,
To shape a way might close the painful strife.
Away at once with shadows, over-rife
With disappointment; apt to wound or kill—
The very ichor of the brain they spill,
And play upon the heart as on a fife.
O, still to fret, as haunted by the dead,
Whose vampire lips would suck the spirit dry—
They give me, when I hunger, stones for bread,
Or feasts in shows that fail to satisfy.
Why should with heavenly manna some be fed,
And others in the desert droop and die?

IX.

Shall I remind thee of that after-time,
When with thy infant Son upon thy knee
I saw thee sitting calm, as if no crime,
Nor even lesser sin, had tempted thee;
Like Venus chastened by maternity,
Or Beauty, budding into the Sublime,
Yet smiling, as the Boy precociously
Snatched at his quiver—like young bards at rhyme.
And Wonder cried, Is that Boy thine? Who, then,
His Father? Question asked, and answer won.
Blest by both parents was thy princely son,
His noble Sire, a magnate among men,
As thou 'mong women peerless. Faithless One!
It were not fit that we should meet again.

X.

Of all things fair, as fairest, worthiest,
In woman's heart, we prize Fidelity;
Where it resides, there dwells the richest, best;
Truth without pride, and wealth without unrest.
O, why should this thy proper name not be,
O Woman, in our nobler poesy,
Rather than that same "Frailty" unblest,
With which our Shakspere has invested thee?
Thereon depend high issues; nothing less
Than man's continuance in creation's roll,
Until the happy time, when righteousness
Shall reign on earth, and meet him at the goal,
And crown him *heir* of all the promises
In *that glad kingdom* which is of the Soul.

XI.

I love thee not, if I regard not Love
Supreme o'er law, and all that law respects?
I know what Love permits, and what rejects,
And know he reigns all other gods above,
And what his liberty at will to rove.
But the same tongue has different dialects,
And different creeds are taught by different sects,
Who worship still in temple or in grove.
Alas! these words interpretation need,
For Love his freedom forfeits to his choice;
Then doth a dread necessity succeed,
Which, strong as fate, admits no other voice:
In vain may man, or even an angel plead;
Obey, or grieve; be faithful, and rejoice.

XII.

Wasted are words the unwilling would persuade.
To live denied, yet ever in thy presence,
Were worst of despotism, its bitterest essence,
Not to be borne. The sun too much displayed,
We must resort for refuge to the shade.
The generous heat of summer's fervid crescence
A tender cloud with timely cover lessens.
That shade, that cloud, must be by absence made.
I would not court insufferable pain:
To see me suffer would not make thee glad:
'Tis easy teaching when men say, abstain;
But he who thirsts must drink, or else go mad:
And it were phrenzy of a kind too sad,
To love thee more, because I love in vain.

XIII.

Sad the adieus, and bitter the farewells,
Our souls were charged with, at the hour of parting.
Convinced of error, yet the heart rebels;
Convinced of guilt, indignant tears were starting.
Thou hadst been wronged, thou saidst; and wizard spells
Tainted thy life. Thy jealous lord was smarting
With self-inflicted pangs, and made two hells,
That, both in each, with mutual fire were darting.
His son, who was as like him as might be,
He deemed another's, offspring of his foe,
And branded him for base; himself held free
To wander when he would, and far from thee,
Where'er he listed; ay, and linked him so,
With some whom 'twere pollution but to know.

XIV.

O, Lady; thou art wise, as thou art rare
In beauty and in wealth. Draw, then, this line.
Man may be chartered to be libertine,
But woman never. Nature's mandate ne'er
Permits her equal license. 'Twould unsphere
The planet, and make earth a barren mine,
Which now so duly teems with forms like thine
And his—one so majestic, one so fair.
To him 'tis given, wheresoe'er he will,
To sow God's image; and, without restraint,
To cress, as by the water-run, until
Dry land and sea beneath the pressure faint,
And Earth *the great* demands of Heaven fulfil,
Yielding alike the Sinner, Sage and Saint.

XV.

What, though he has voyaged forth, and in each port
He visits, sailor-like, maintains a bride;
What, though their offspring differ in such sort
As makes antipathy, in nothing short
Of that which disunites, by spaces wide,
Those who are yet of one blood certified,
And seek like refuge in the same strong fort,
But clime and colour variously divide:
What, though these things be so; hast thou to learn,
That these are symbols of such mysteries
As awed the old world, and dimly we discern,
Through haze of creeds, and noise of party-cries,
Even now; and for more knowledge pine and yearn,
That we may taste their inmost harmonies?

XVI.

O, Lady; thou art lustrous as a star,
And men look up to gaze upon thy brightness,
As of a being lofty and afar,
That shines on them because of their uprightness;
But is as nought to souls that wicked are,
And bow the head, like those who may not dare
To walk erect, in the pure spirit's lightness,
And read heaven's book, writ in celestial whiteness.
Yet idle 'twere to wish to shine alone,
For stars are many in that lacteal way,
And many worshippers admits each one.
Each shines by virtue of a borrowed ray,
Their glory all deriving from the sun,
*Regents of night, not mo*narch of the day.

XVII.

God is all Light. With him, no darkness dwells.
For Man, are day and night. Nor eye alone,
But for his soul. On this when God has shone,
The dayspring in the awakened heart outwells,
Fresh from Life's fountain, near the Eternal throne.
As forth she gushes, darkness she dispels;
But not ignores, nor its star-oracles.
But day and night are images foregone,
That those in the Beginning well-betoken,
Which in the Deeps primeval lie concealed,
Ere the Original Darkness may be broken,
That, with the Light, is even itself revealed.
For what is it but stronger light, unspoken,
That blinds all creature sight, till by it healed?

XVIII.

The Heavens, the Earth, eterne or temporal,
Reveal of God, but so much as he would,
And fall far short of His beatitude.
Yet passing glorious and majestical
The revelation He vouchsafes the good,
The soul regenerate, in its solemn mood,
When most it grows apocalyptical.
——But O, what mystery co-exists withal?
Which no created power can unveil,
Though Wisdom wake the Living Word in some,
Who long had in the wilderness been dumb,
To preach repentance, and to tell the tale,
How *that the Kingdom* of their God has come,
And all must be baptised who would not fail.

XIX.

The mind of man has scaled yon heights of Heaven,
And urged his conquests in those starry fields
That teem with wonders, till amazement yields
Involuntary praise;—still has he striven,
While victory on victory has shriven
The secret-holding skies, whereon he builds
Houses of triumph, and their columns gilds
With pictured legends;—daring, yet forgiven.
First felt the changing Moon his charming gaze,
And by its fascination was subdued,
Whose patient vigils watched her every phase,
And where she travelled, eagerly pursued,
From east to west, her motions through the maze,
And groups of constellations still renewed.

XX.

Art thou not stedfast in thy sphere, O Sun?
Yet is thy shadow changing day by day.
The gnomon's vertex registers thy way,
Or north or south, until thy journey's done,
And at thy solstice thou art made to stay.
Thou standest still. What voice, so strong to sway,
Arrests thee thus, yet to be heard by none,
But, speaking in thy heart, thy will has won?
Winter and summer, still that miracle.
And spring and autumn bring a wonder new;
For lo, prevent thy car those equal Two,
(Luminous circles, though invisible,)
Which wizard fancy, with her mighty spell,
Constructs in the heavens; twin-orbits, feigned yet true.

XXI.

; thou a god, what power has darkened thee,
ıt thou art seen no more, nor has the moon
)lace in heaven ? Forth stealing timidly,
nets and stars peer out upon the noon,
ıereon thy glory shines not. Horror soon
'ades the nations, and they bow the knee
wild dismay. O, thankful for the boon
science, man, relieved from fear, should be.
ɜ Moon, more nigh the earth and earthly sorrows,
s passed the regal orb whose light she borrows,
d Day returns, and beams on happy morrows.
:th, in its turn, the seeming wrong repays,
d with its shadow veils the lunar rays,
ıt even at full her light in heaven decays.

XXII.

:yone ! the Sun of all the suns,
)u waitest, in thy central dwelling-place,
ɜ Coming of the Constellatiöns.
ɜ Pleiades surround thee, starry ones
most excelling brightness. Thither pace
ɜ daystar and all planets of his race ;
t motionless ; but each his errand runs,
d serves his Maker in the deeps of space.
d with that glorious astral company,
ɜ angel Mind of our Humanity
:eers ; and, with them reaching that far goal,
arkens the Bell of the Eternal toll,
iking the hour. How often in the Past
s it been sounded ? When shall sound the last ?

XXIII.

Mind conquers in the Heavens. Why fails it, then,
On this low Earth, which, making frustrate, still
Opposes to all efforts of the will
Matter's intractability, again
And yet again, with such persistence, till
Martyrs exclaim in agony, that Men
Are slaves of circumstance; Truth, a shadow; Good, ill;
And Virtue but a name? 'Tis yet a den,
Though labourers numberless have even been slain
In cleansing it, that filthy doth remain,
Beyond all hope of cure. Old prejudice
Its place still fiercely struggles to retain.
Its very wealth is founded on its vice,
Its greatness built on an abyss of Ice.

XXIV.

God! I confess that merit there is none
To plead in my behalf. Yet is it much
That Thy live coal has deigned my lips to touch,
And fruits of mine have blossomed in the sun.
Why have they ripened not? My faith was such
In boyhood, as in manhood might have won
The crown, it was my aim in youth to clutch.
That this has not been so, what have I done?
O, mystery! that they who trust in Thee
Should thus be frustrate! Israel thus in vain
Shed his warm zealot blood;—thus strive the free
Idly for those who wear a heavier chain;
This in the New and Old Worlds now we see.
Be dumb, O Garibaldi, with disdain.

XXV.

e watched the course of action, and perceive
e line of Tendency flows like a Dream.
ow, in well-ordered march, a quiet stream,
rely we think to gain the bourn at eve :
t such forethinkings with new changes teem,
ıd so the line diverges, taking leave
wander where it would, not where we deem—
owever much the baffled hope may grieve.
ıe Spirit's hindered by the conscious Will,
ıd the fulfilment we expect's delayed—
were well we slumbered on, and kept us still,
waiting, unreflectingly, such aid
s tends on time, if patiently obeyed,
comes with Waking—blest escape from Ill.

XXVI.

ı have I known, the slaves of circumstance,
h some small gift ; and therewith they have played,
without further care, and unbetrayed,
all to fortune, till some sudden chance
raised them from the dust ; where, deep in trance,
long had sate ; and in bright robes arrayed :
hey have mixed in the world's merry dance
ing at prudence, as a wrinkled maid.
of large endowment, grave, wise men,
ultivated it with zeal untired,
aped but trifling profit now and then,
r in fame or wealth ;—who, though inspired
blest impulse, and with genius fired,
and died, like sheep within a pen.

XXVII.

Tell me, bland Sophist, smooth of brow and face,
Why Merit and Success are so divided?
Why Folly's worshipt, Wisdom so derided?
Why is the Swift not foremost in the race?
Why falls the Strong in battle, which decided,
The Weak and Slow are thrust into their place,
To wear unworthily, and without grace,
Unprizèd honour, heedlessly confided?
Might such iniquities of Fortune be,
If for the virtuous there were not prepared
A fitter region of activity,
Wherein they find their ultimate reward?
Sweet hope, indeed. Smile on, dull Sadducee;
From what an antepast thou art debarred.

XXVIII.

The Shipman spreads his sail unto the wind,
And leaves his ship's course to its wild caprice;
So he who trusts to wealth, and takes his ease,
Should wonder not if it should prove unkind,
Using its wings to leave its dupe behind,
For such the wont that doth its nature please.
Moreover, Fortune's eyes were ever blind,
And where she scatters gifts she never sees.
Sudden she visits, suddenly departs,
Bright morn she ushers in, and clouds the day;
The year, that blossoms brings, takes them away;
The sea is calm, then rude, nor helms nor charts
Now needing, making useless now. Poor hearts,
Untaught of wisdom, seek in her their stay.

XXIX.

Visdom alone is wealth that none may lose—
eek it within thee, not around thee, Man.
he lives undying as the soul; her use
s thine, with knowledge of thyself began,
nd shall continue long as reason can,
ternal as the Spirit, or the Muse
Vhose song is endless. Gold and gems refuse;
hey glitter still while thou art pale and wan.
heir glory is their own, not his who deems
Ie hath both them and it; they are foreign still,
Vhile Wisdom, and the servants she esteems,
re one; together they ascend the hill,
hat spurns the vale of transitory dreams,
nd claim the unclouded heavens with stedfast will.

XXX.

What seems but seems: what is, alone is true.
Tis not the sun that rises, reigns and sets;
t is the earth revolves. Whate'er we view
Deceives us with illusions, ever new,
Iow oft soe'er repeated; vain regrets
Exciting in the wisest, lost the clue
That guides us through their mazes; loss which frets,
Enmeshed our erring feet with penal nets.
What we call Birth is Death. To Heaven we died,
When we to Earth were born, and when we die,
We are re-born to Heaven. 'Tis to lie,
To say we are awake. O, wound to pride!
We walk but in a sleep; and, having lied,
Judge of vain dreams as of reality.

XXXI.

Men talk of Death as if he were their foe ;
Miscalling him whose proper name is Life,
The fairest spirit ever came below,
Whose only mission is to close the strife
That in the Vale of Vision makes their woe :
The war that rages even to the knife,
Between what is, and what we seem to know,
With episodes of quarrel quick and rife.
O, loveliest Seraph of the loving host,
Angel of the New Birth from earth to Heaven,
Of Restoration unto Man, forth driven,
To that estate in Paradise he lost,
That Pre-existent Being which, forgiven,
He shall regain, whatever be the cost.

XXXII.

We live in light that is the Life of God,
Who truly live. And in that light we drink
The living springs that flow where none hath trod,
But where the blessèd spirits interlink
Their volant plumage, as they touch the brink
Of that Life-river, which no bark may plod
That needeth oars ; self-moved, or sure to sink
The voyagers, it covers, like the sod.
O, Light of Life, Intelligence Supreme,
Which every orb in its proportion shares,
Yet nought diminishes the native stream,
Latent or patent : hails thy dawning beam,
That inward Eye which upward-looking dares,
And for thy noon-day Glory well prepares.

XXXIII.

inward Ear shall listen to Thy Word,
; cometh in the Silence of the Night,
h music finer than the planets heard,
:n first they danced to the enspherèd Light.
ıe sweet soft whispers, in their gentle might,
stronger than the thunders of the Lord,
; spake the Law on Sinai's blazing height;
better oracles are thence inferred.
conscious Heart, by Wisdom kept awake,
ıuched so deeply with each syllable,
impression never more may her forsake;
as on fleshly tablets graven well,
ıins the lovely scriptures that they make,
still delights their signatures to spell.

XXXIV.

my heart listens; God, my heart would look
'hee who art, to that which truly is:
ıanent intuition, which no book
more than shadow, no, not even *this*
ıse teachings are Thy own—which none forsook,
even in his practice was remiss,
suffered what no mortal man may brook,
of Thy presence, which alone is bliss.
nal Father! own me for Thy son,
let me hear Thy voice, and see Thy face,
ıin my conscience speaking, shining on—
, thus instructed of Thy special grace,
y discern, and give its proper place,
d the changing, to the Unchanging One.

XXXV.

My Soul, that art immutable ; find thou
In the Eternal Spirit firm support ;
Upon the Rock of Ages' lofty brow
Recline in safety. Let the day-star, now,
Go down in shadow ; or the tempest sport
With the wild waves that quenched his sinking glow.
Above the rain-clouds is thy spacious court,
And shining heralds to thy couch resort.
The Everlasting arms embrace thy form,
The Father's bosom under thee upheaves—
Thou dreadest not the darkness, nor the storm.
Thou heedest not what births the time conceives,
Monster or dwarf, or mastodon or worm,
Whose resting-place nought earthly e'er aggrieves.

XXXVI.

The heavens were silent, yet in earnest prayed I.
Though night and morning supplications made I,
There came no answer from the clouded sky,
Expected aid far off, and danger nigh.
Am I neglected then ? in terror, said I.
Wise words were thine to me, O, sovran Lady.
Trust on : who trust in Him shall live thereby,
Nor be confounded in extremity.
And turning, lo, I saw an Angel stand
Beside me, with a gift in either hand,
To help me on my travel, pay its cost,
And bring me to the bourn, the pasture-land
Where plenty waited him who had been lost,
And safety welcomed home the tempest-tost.

XXXVII.

know Thee now, that Thou, ELOHIM, art;
hat Thou hast sworn a Covenant with me,
hat in Thy Oath of Old I had a part;
ecause my prayërs have been heard by Thee.
ot once or thrice, but often has my heart
oured itself forth in its great agony;
nd, lo, Thy providence hath mediately
upplied both means of voyage, and the chart.
nd now, when I despaired, and calmly sate
opeless and helpless, and resigned to fate,
ne was still nigh, who, pitying my grief,
ound up my wounds, and brought my pain relief,
nd set me on my way; . . to vindicate
y mission and Thy love: Thy love the chief.

XXXVIII.

ence, Fear: but Faith, remain with me for ever.
e gifts I have received let me dispense:
s blessing still awaits sincere endeavour,
d those who use them He will banish never
m His protecting presence; hence, Fear, hence.
guardian ægis still is their defence,
from his powër shall their weakness sever,
gather strength from His omnipotence.
, Faith; for ever in my soul abide.
, Hope; and let thy voice like duty's sound
e worn soldier, whatsoe'er betide:
Love; and let me in His love confide,
n I would serve, whose mercies so abound,
eaven and earth with them are girded round.

XXXIX.

It is the fertile tree still beareth fruit,
And Wisdom's tree that bears the fruit of life;
Nor may the Everlasting Word be mute
In hearts that it informs, though man or brute
Now, as of old, maintain a blatant strife,
To drown the music that were else so rife
Where 'tis heard seldom, and shall yet confute
The noisy crew that scorn or lute or fife.
Thankful am I the rolling years in vain
Have sought to quench in me the voice of song,
The fiery baptism so hath bathed my brain.
'Tis this which makes the heart of age so strong,
Decay it feels not. Time can do no wrong
To him whose soul is of celestial strain.

XL.

Alcyone! not in the world extern
But that within I seek thy central sphere;
Thy star is in my spirit orbèd clear,
My soul expands thy distant home to learn,
And still enlarges, while her wishes yearn
And grow in faith, that she may reach thee there,
Among the pleiads reigning without fear,
In finest ether, pouring from thy urn
Light to all planets. Having reached thy throne,
I rest not; for still upward I must soar,
By thee directed to a loftier one,
Or sink into a depth which evermore
Still deepens,—the true centre to explore,
The humble heart wherein God dwells alone.

XLI.

Nay, Lady, answer me, who thus accusest
Thy lord of jealousy and incontinence.
Art thou not jealous? Answer thou refusest;
Knowing how nature has decreed intense
Absurdity to that irreticence
In woman; so that even thou, who usest
The passion for the nonce, wouldst, like the loosest
Of thy frail sex, deride the weak defence
In any other. And of whom art thou
Suspicious? Of that Sister, to whose care
Thy Boy was trusted, who first taught him prayer,
Taught him to praise his Maker, and to bow
Within the sanctuary, gathering everywhere
That Culture which makes smooth the polished brow.

XLII.

Thou dost not deem her guilty; but thou fearest,
Shouldst thou first die, thy lord will wed her after.
O, foolish fear, that merits nought but laughter.
But then, whilst thou dost live, thou wouldst be dearest;
And how, if, underneath thy mansion's rafter,
A rival be upreared, and each day waft her
More grace and favour, while thou daily bearest
Increasing coldness, and the bloom thou wearest
Away to paleness fade; how may this be?
Ah! this were bitter, doubtless;—but if she
Be guiltless as thou ownest, nothing true;
In her no weakness, weakness but in thee;
This wrong to thee by wrong to her first grew:
Cease to suspect, thy peace thou'lt then renew.

XLIII.

Were it not well to make such union sin,
And thus to nip this sorrow in the bud?
Pause thou, and think, ere thou such work begin.
New laws and new transgressions taint man's blood
With added shame, and added evil win.
O, legislation badly understood,
That maketh, in its sanguinary mood,
More crimes than nature meant. Without—within—
Like a prophetic scroll, her will is writ.
Accept it freely, unreluctantly;
Obedience here is better than much wit.
Though it displease at first, in time 'twill be
Found wisest, kindliest, and of all most fit,
And with the will of God in harmony.

XLIV.

The wife takes of her husband name and race;
Not he of her; with him to gain or lose
What privilege soever, wealth or grace;
All she renounces of familiar use,
Is of his kin, partakes his pride of place;
Made one with him; though nought may he refuse,
Nor of her kin become. Mysteriöus
Is sacred marriage when its types we trace.
The Church with Christ united thus is one,
Leaves all to be with him incorporate,
The world yet alien, sharing not her state,
No more kin with her. Far she lives alone,
Her people and her father's house foregone.—
Accept we then the law, not legislate.

XLV.

O, Sister of the Lady whom I serve,
An apt rejoinder thou hast surely made ;—
May we, then, from the olden time ne'er swerve,
But hinder progress, though it should persuade
To better living, with a kindlier verve,
A happier movement, and a stronger nerve
For truth and goodness, with a wider trade
In sympathy, alike to all conveyed ?
Why should the Lord, who suffered to redeem,
Not own at length, the kindred of the spouse,
And gather to him all of every house ?
May not this question, then, a symbol seem,
Of some transition state, which yields a gleam
Of future banquet whereat *all* carouse ?

XLVI.

All earthly things, and heavenly, that man sees
Are emblems of the Being none perceives,
Are accidents of sightless substances,
And of hid causes outward images ;
And Fancy thus from these effects oft weaves
Strange notions of the Invisible, in seas,
On earth, and in the heavens ; and Thought achieves
An abstract virtue, in which Faith believes.
To her the firmament and the wide air,
The ocean with its billows, the rich land
With mead and pasture, field and forest, and
Its living creatures, are but scrolls writ fair
With sacred symbols, which the wise compare
With truths pure spirits only understand.

XLVII.

So, the fine Heavens that now so please the sight
Were once invisible, concealed behind
The veil of mystery, till the birth of mind,
Ere yet the Creant Powers had said, Be Light.
And what be they but veils, though shining bright,
Upon those deeper Heavens, whose glories blind
All creature eyes that, wrapt themselves in night,
Conceive all dark where day they fail to find?
Those dazzling glories, O, what less be they
Than the Eternal Spirits, who alway
Before the throne of the Almighty stand,
In worship and in praise, an angel-band;
Who still the Glory they receive display,
And spread the Father's Bounty by command?

XLVIII.

O, Lady; far removed from mortal love
Art thou, as are the angels from thy own.
Alcyone we'll call thee, far above;
Yet charming, by the virtue of thy zone,
All nether systems to thy central throne.
No wonder, then, that humblest hearts improve
Occasion, and aspire, as some have done,
To worship, where they may not nigher move?
Nearer and dearer, others venture more,
Thy Lord being absent, and would fain espouse
What scarcely it contents them to adore.
But ill would it beseem thee to keep house,
Thou sad Penelope, for such carouse
As suitors to thy beauty would implore.

XLIX.

I wonder not that thou shouldst seek escape
From tongue of scandal, and from glance of eye
That speaks two meanings, looking on thy shape
And thy majestic features furtively.
I counselled well, methinks; nor to comply
Wert thou reluctant; though from cape to cape
It might be thine to voyage, were the sky
Or clement, or the clouds the heavens should drape.
Seeking thy Lord, thou art a wanderer now,
O'er earth, o'er ocean; river, hill and plain;
Leaving with me thy Boy whose serene brow
Smiles on my fondling, till I melt and glow
With sacred warmth pervading every vein,
And own him scion of a lofty strain.

L.

Wherefore shouldst thou be angry, heavenly Boy?
O, let this kiss atone for my offence.
Youth is the season when all play and toy;
Why, then, so grave as were the touch of joy,
Fit for thy years, not thy intelligence?
Modest, as ever, but no longer coy;
In will thou growest, stature, mind and sense,
And I must treat thee now with reverence.
'Tis time thou shouldst the muses woo, indeed.
Thou hast already wooed them? what is this?
An Album, full of Sonnets? Thou hast free'd
Thy soul of a sweet burthen. I will read
What has been in thy heart of hidden bliss;—
But, first receive this reconciling kiss.

LI.

IF IN THE DAYS of Willie and old Ben,
Sweet Shakspere, learned Jonson, and the two
Wild Swans who sang together—oh, if then
An Album had been theirs, dear sage, to you
It were a galaxy. Each dulcet pen
Dumb music had distilled, wit ever new,
A starry eloquence with charms to woo
The curious reader and true critic's ken,
Like thine. And may these consecrated pages,
Ere long, become a lacteal way, wherein
The wise astrology of after ages
May calculate the genius that hath been,
And well report of ours, and then may they
Of thy young friend have something well to say.

LII.

Thou, Mistress of my love, shalt be obeyed,
And in thy bosom all the love be centered
The Nine would share with thee, if there be entere
In that divine recess, and softly laid,
Pure sacrifice on the world's purest shrine,
These Sonnets to them, at thine instance paid,
And breathing, burning of thee, every line,
Thine own inspiring—most spiritual maid;
Thou whom my mind, and that which is my mind,
Love,—set above them, and yet wrong them not.
If these be only what I have designed,
Rich as thy love, excelling as thy thought,
Bright as thine eyes—they'll thank thee, boy-god bl
Who brought such rite, though from a rival broug

LIII.

Daughters of Jove and Nymph Mnemosyne!
Great Mind and Memory own your plastic sway,
Your kindred influence,—pestered though in clay,—
Bound toward you, assert immunity
From their vile prison here, and the first free
Wide privilege of the Spirit's realm of day,
With the Spirit's pristine impulse,—and convey
The principle of immortality
Thence like Prometheus. Then the universe
Partakes the gift, and so becomes like it,
Holy,—full of sublimities, and hears
Harmonies, not of earth, so heavenly; yet
Are not in heaven, but from it, and on earth,—
A new creation now, restored to her old birth.

LIV.

Mother of Orpheus!* advance and let me kneel
To thee. Stand thou upon thy pedestal,
Extend thy eloquent arm, and pour forth all
Thy voice's sweetness, and thy spirit's zeal,
Rousing the souls of freemen till they feel
New hearts within them, and what would enthral
Break with high indignation; while they call
On their land's memories, and the patriot's steel
Which slavery shall nor rust nor blunt. Or raise
Thine eye to heaven, and pronounce its laws,
Bid man commune with God, adore and praise,
Till he be as a Seraph. High applause
Is thine—Justice bows to thee, Mercy obeys—
Wrath rushes to the field, and Valour pleads the cause.

* Calliope.

LV.

Glory, great Clio; glory to thee divine,
Such as thou shedst on others. Come, ye brave,
Ye great, forth from the ocean and the grave,
Again exist in her illustrious scrine—
Beloved by her, as by Apollo loved
(And slain) young Hyacinthus was—Wo! wo!
The City weeps for him the beauteous. No
Worship admits the day-god, till removed
The period of the grief for that sweet flower,
That constellation—(star of earth and heaven)—
Which once was that dear boy. Thy sons, great Power,
Are many, and though jealousy have striven
Against, the Sun hath loved them to this hour;—
They shine above our course, and gem the path we live in.

LVI.

Erato! Muse of Love and Dance and Song,
All attributes are thine, . . but Love the chief.
Hail to thee! thou art mine. The least rose-leaf,
Least myrtle-bud, which to thy wreath belong,
Were worth the worship of a moon, . . nay, more.
Thine hath departed—May now revelleth,
But I will make her thine, whate'er she saith,
This beautiful month of flowers. Come, and adore;
Sweet May—and O, than May more sweet, come thou,
And celebrate her, Dearest. Come, my love,
Thoughtful or gay, still Erato approve;
Crown her with rose and myrtle—vail and bow
To torch-armed Cupid at her side. Above
All other shrines is this. Hear, Erato, our vow.

LVII.

ome, tripping gaily ; here, Thalia, hie,
ou Venus of the stage ! Come, hither, hither ;
e'er may the myrtle on thy forehead wither !
e'er may the smile forsake thy roguish eye !
hough Melancholy's gloomiest bard, yet I
an relish thy wild laughter, laugh together
'ith thee, and at thee ; and not coyly weather
mpest of repartee, and scorn to fly
he flash of wit, though maybe I have none—
will not woo, nor wed thee ; yet will play
ay mask and crook withal, and, day being done,
ort with thee, and dance down thy buxom way,
ll the side aches, and vision has begun
dim with merry tears, like April marring May.

LVIII.

u, of the dagger and the crown—(arise !)—
l the magnific pall—Melpomene !
nd thy purple throne, and over me
nd thy magic sceptre, Queen of sighs,
, pangs and passions. Rend off your disguise,
rchs and princes of the earth, that she
bare the heart, and from its secrecy
orth the gnawing thought, and exorcise
that deep sepulchre, the human breast,
dwelling spirit, Hope, or Fear, or Rage,
Revenge, and Love ; beheld, exprest,
ied, and made visible, to age,
uth, *and Beauty*, and by them confest ;
ced in their own minds, but echoed on the star

LIX.

Come, trip it on the light fantastic toe,
Terpsichore! and twinkle thy fine feet,
And in harmonious measures thus complete
The symmetry of form. I love thee so,
That I could madden in thy praises. Go,
Go to Apollo, and thy sisters eight,
And bid them to the dance; and on the height
Of thy Parnassus weave it; till they glow
Over the bosom fervidly; and rushes
The blood above it, in a thousand blushes:—
Weave it even as the love of Raphael's scholar,
Julio Romano, wove it. Great Apollo,
Quivered and crowned with myrtle, looks and flushes
In thy full face, and they thy dulcet echoes follow.

LX.

Euterpe! oh, Euterpe! to thy shrine
Fain would I guide a truant votary,
Fain make the daughter-queen of Beauty thine!
Part of thine inspiration dole to me,
That I may teach her most harmoniously
What music is, and why thou art divine—
Look into Helicon, sweet heaven of mine,
Belovèd! . . and in that calm mirror see
Thine own divinity's reflected state;
Thy radiant eye smile on it, and behold
The mind, that breathing music, modulate
Thy dulcet features like a thought untold;
Then utter it—Euterpe's voice!—and she
Is but herself, my love, as she resembles thee.

LXI.

Let others boast the rhapsody of words!
Give me to stand before the maid I love
In an expressive silence, far above
All speech, all language copious, which debords
The heart and weighs it; then to its deep chords
Utters a feeling, heard not by the ear
But them; and which they answer by those lords,
Those brilliant lords of love, chief in the sphere
Of sweet poetic stars, affection's eyes,
Swimming in most cerulean dewiness:
Then, be she vocal, and in sweet replies,
Let her breathe cadenced syllables—harmonies
Prisoning auricular sense, and tune the stress
Of her white fingers on dear Music's ivory keys.

LXII.

Hail, Muse of Milton, bright Uraniä!
Who dwelt with Wisdom ere the mountains were—
And since of Wordsworth, that enraptured seer,
Yet simple as a child—severe his lay
As age, yet meek as infancy. The day,
The glorious sun, O the whole hemisphere
Of night, moon and all stars, are thine. Away
All meaner descants! Those of thine we hear
Are sacred and divine, even as thou art;
The descants of angelic essences,
Of heavenly intelligence. My heart
Heaves toward thy voice. My spirit fain would part
From *this gross world* to be with thee, and guess
Of past and future, pain and happiness.

LXIII.

The pleasant task is done, yet hard as pain,
So great the subject, and the judge so good,
Severe though gentle. Beautiful! thy swain
Hath tuned his artless reed to this high strain,
And at the altar of the Muses stood
Vocal and thoughtful . . might he say, inspired!
But his the pangs of the torn Pythoness,
Without the sacred oracle which fired
Her bosom in its rapture, . . to express
The very god. What! though she then expired?
It were enough, one moment, ay or less,
(O, how my soul such moment hath desired!)
To be prophetic thus—thence mute for ever.—
Words written then Time's wing may overshadow nev

LXIV.

TRULY, thy sire must have been wise and good:
These thoughts belong to thee from thy descent,
Inflowing with the current of thy blood,
And must at thy begetting have been meant.
I may not see him, but in thee; nor would,
Being so distant; nor on travel bent
My mind, by disposition or intent.
Hereafter I shall love thy minstrel mood.
Then, looking on thy face, content, dear child,
I'll see *thy* Poet, who composed its lines,
So musical, with feeling undefiled,
And sentiment expression that refines—
The Father, with thy Mother reconciled,
Whose revelation in thy features shines.

LXV.

She wanders far away, like Iö, now;
Nor have we fixed us to one only spot,
But roamed our Isle, its rarest haunts to know,
Delighting us in valley, hill and grot,
Verdure, and flowers, and trees, and rivers' flow,
Fringed with the willow sometimes, sometimes not,
Or waterfall, rejoicing in the bow
That wreathes it, making summer's noon less hot.
And we have visited Cathedral aisles,
Listening to chaunted anthems, and to prayers
Intoned, with choral harmonies, and airs
Angelic, floating through majestic piles.
Such memories are spirits: otherwhiles,
They cheer the heart, and chase away despairs.

LXVI.

A MILL-STREAM hath its own peculiar grace,
And such, my love, hath this. 'Tis sweet to see
How from each bank the roots of either tree
Bend the lithe trunks along the water's face—
The boughs and leaves how sweetly they embrace,
And kiss the wavelet dimples. Jealously,
Phœbus has glimpses through them, shadowy.
Yon willow hath a melancholy trace
Of passion in its weeping—how the Rill
It loves, and drooped until they kissed each other!
And *this* weeps over earth, to embrace his Mother,
Like a sad Son, in vain—yet yearning still—
Or mourning *she had* borne—(O, vale! O, hill!)
So grateful few,—though Man, heaven-moulded, be his
Brother.

LXVII.

Hath Gratitude in human hearts no shrine?
Men have affection for their residence,
The city of their birth, or choice, or chance;
And, Simmons, leave memorials there like thine,
And it repays them with the inscriptive line.
Behold the Pillar and the Hill its stance,
The Field his generous skill hath made divine—
"Hold ye these public walks in reverence!"
Religion is but Gratitude; and she
Descends from God, and unto God returns.
Sublime Cathedral, hail! whose heart not burns,
Whenas the chaunted service solemnly
Toward the Universal Architect upyearns,
Is an unburied corse, and hath no soul for thee.

LXVIII.

Let others boast the rhapsody of words!
Music, divine enchantress, has to me,
All language, . . . when along the ivory key
The fine touch vibrates to the unseen chords
A supernatural dialect;—oh, then,
All passions answer her, and woman's hand
Hath magic in it, audible to men,
Holding o'er the heart's mysteries command.
Chief to the mind-worn husband, who at eve
Seeks solace, what a heavenly balm art thou!
How like an angel sitteth she, whose vow
Was pledged to soothe his sorrows, should he grieve!
Her fingers shame in purity and whiteness,
The scale o'er which they float in faery lightness.

LXIX.

Lovelily brake the Dawn; but ere the Noon
Heaven darkened o'er—and all was calm—but Thunder
Rolled far away, and the clouds gloomed with wonder;
The Lightning flashed, and it pealed louder soon,
And nearer;—then, the Clouds let fall their boon
Of Showers upon the Earth, and straight asunder
Parted. The Blue, expectant of the Moon,
In the Orient smiles; and lo, she riseth yonder.—
The Eve is calm. Abroad ye, whom the day
Hath cooped in domicile. Intensely bright,
How sets the Sun with one concentred ray,
Far-dazzling from the sky of Chrysolite,
O'er-hovered, like a promontory's brow,
With a rain-cloud's edge, encaving all below.

LXX.

From that broad cloud's deep edge the shower impends,
And in that heaven beyond the cavern-mouth
It makes, the Sun in rising clouds descends
And tinges them with gold. East, North, and South,
Gather large shadowy masses weighty and dense;
But high the cope of heaven—(as when the Youth
Immortal, at mid-day, saw all things thence,
And triumphed o'er the Oak's majestic growth)—
And though the smoky film soars azural,
Still they come on, and thicken round amain,
Dark, huge and heavy, fold in fold; and all
In motion; *charged* with thunder and with rain.—
Borne by the wind aloft, they roll away;
How fair the heavens; how bright the crescent's ra

LXXI.

The Sunbeams bathed in Ocean, the dense clouds
Gathered about them, and the wave inhaled,
Like gloomy spirits o'er aëreal shrouds,
A Jacob's ladder made of golden mist:
Now they the Angels of the Deep have kist,
Now far away in the wind's chariot sailed.
Round as a shield, upon the water's verge,
Sinks gradually the developed orb
In motion visible. Lo, from the surge
Another sun ascends, that doth absorb
The substance in the shadow. Where they sate
Sail, mast, shroud, like a spectre-ship, emerge,
And the smoke o'er their wake doth undulate.
Three elements at once own Science and her Mate.

LXXII.

All Elements succumb, or shall succumb
To Science and to Art. We tread on Earth,
She is our habitation and our tomb.
Thou boundless ocean—(say who gave thee birth?—
Freedom is Neptune's Mother. From her womb
Leapt the waves forth, and danced in their young mirth,
And the wild winds, that ne'er had rein or girth,
Coursed in free joyance o'er the myriad foam.)—
Ocean and Air! ye of the mane and pinion,
The neck in thunder clothed, with lightnings summed;
Yet are ye curbed by Man, and your dominion
Doth tribute him, whose soul is eagle-plumed,
To sway the desert air, and girt with power
To cleave the sea with ships, and bid the flame to cower.

LXXIII.

There is a Spirit in the midnight storms,
Which shrives the secrets of the souls of men,
Rousing them forth like spectres from their den,
Even the heart's haunted prison . . horrid forms,
Which flash in the blue lightnings, and again
Peal in the thunder, all which most alarms
Conviction, vengeance—echoingly; and charms,
To blast thy path, Guilt! in belated glen,
The wronged, the lost, the dead; each with a voice,
And a keen vision of discovery,
Either whereof were madness. Up! rejoice!
Laugh at waked Conscience now, and dare the sky!
What! crest-fallen, Guilt?—Why, Innocence has bared
Her bosom to the bolt! thine's mailed, yet sudden scared.

LXXIV.

The rushing winds . . the storm's wild voice of fear . .
The thunder's last peal, and the lightning's flash,
Have sped . . and on the sea no surge may dash . .
But a dead Calm, with nightmare horror, here
Sits on the old motionless Oaks, so brooding where
Tumult did triumph, and the tempests clash.
Yet 'tis no halcyon silence, but a drear,
Cold, harsh, dark heaviness, smiting the heart
With an intenser terror; such as death
Leaves on the victim's brow, when all the pangs
Are past of the last agony of breath—
'Tis a mysterious moment, and it hangs,
World! a pall on thee, as 'twould ne'er depart,
But *shroud thee in, for* aye—all spectral as thou art.

LXXV.

YES, there be holy places; persons, too,
Whose names are sacred, though not sainted ones—
Sages and bards, the teachers of the true,
Whose minds to others are as central suns.
These be Truth's temples; . . . each on service runs
Of the Great Spirit, though, alas, too few,
Heralds and representatives at once,
Exemplars of the godlike, men, to you.
Many of these, such privilege has been mine,
In early life, and days not yet bygone,
Have I communed with, each a living shrine,
Whose lips pronouncèd oracles divine.
Some still on earth remain, but more have won
The immortal crown that's worn in heaven alone.

LXXVI.

THY VOICE is an encouragement indeed,
To urge me up the steep hill of renown—
Me who have but begun, and that too soon,
Striving for the great bard's immortal meed,
To mount the precipice. I bleed, I bleed,
Inly with toil—and for the promised boon
Pine while neglect still keeps me from the crown.
But thy Voice is prophetical—thy rede
Not to be doubted, thou who ledst young White,
With whom I claim a fellowship in fate,
On in the noble path by the near light
Of high Apollo's smile irradiäte,
Till he did conquer from his brow the bright
Wreath of undying fame. I wait in hope, but wait.

LXXVII.

: of pleasures in the unfolding powers,
as dew drops on the dawning bud;
lge like sweet odour, air or blood,
es like music, at all hours,
om quarters not well understood;
as exhalations would,
unsummoned; and of hopes, like flowers,
om old tombs to live afresh on ours.
known the sorrow that foredooms,
ht's self-eating flame, I would not quell;
elayed the sickness that consumes,
stroyed the passion and the hell;
ıy withered garland palely blooms,
ast justified my nature's spell.

LXXVIII.

Æolian Sonnets, and thy shell
e bank of Helle's sacred streams,
) his own gales, Apollo's.—Well
us kisses answers it, while beams
immediate brilliance on the string
ıose etherealest echoes were,
ıigh tones seem, of that brightening,
shing on the mind's eye, through the ear.
music, and the power thereof;
he numbers and irregular,
) we hope for the full close, the woof
is spent, and the short fragments jar,
exed disappointed spirit pines.
such mood were marred in such unmeasured

LXXIX.

In Eloquence a Pericles ;—in verse,
A Horace in his most poetic vein ;
As Julius' self, accomplished and urbane ;
An Arbiter in Taste—wisdom's best nurse—
By nature taught her precepts to rehearse ;
Thy heart is Honour's most triumphant fane,
There Patriotism and Loyalty converse,
And equally the kindred rights maintain
Of Government and Freedom blended well.
Blest with a happy genius all thine own,
About thee and thy words there is a spell
That charms the people, and endears the throne:
In classic arts thee, Canning, none excel ;
In statesmanship thou art thyself alone.

LXXX.

O, what a voice is silent ! There I stood
'Midst many hundred faces, as I spake—
But One alone I saw—in fancy's mood,
It rose from out my heart, too wide awake,
With memory, O Coleridge ; and subdued
By sudden passion for thy dear fame's sake ;
That brow and that grey head a light did make.
Silent I paused ; I could not what I would ;
For a strong feeling veiled my eyes with tears,
And swelled my throat with sobbing, ill-supprest,
And the dumb words were stifled in my breast—
O ! what huge labour to restrain those sighs,
And conquer weeping, all too sore distrest—
Scarce I prevailed with untold agonies.

LXXXI.

ɜ of heaven ! her eyes are such as yours,
ɔcts glorious ; and she walks the globe
ged intelligence, shrined in a robe
ıt, a beautiful spirit that outpours
ıward radiance o'er her path, and ours—
ıine ? O, could I hope it ! My soul's throb
h toward her, with a quicker sob
heart e'er loved with, and itself upsoars,
ɜ plumed flashes of her thoughts, to bliss ;
ɔoon to fall when her rich lips are hushed.
our minds mated for all time, at this,
at a life of soul were in her kiss,
ɹsic in her voice. Such feeling flushed
ıntain at her sight (earth's wonder) and so gushed.

LXXXII.

e recall the Vision. Did I dream ?
ɔd on the stern reality of life,
ch bright shape of Beauty, as I deem ?
on mine ear no voice, with music rife,
ınind and immortality ? . . no beam
my soul, that took it in its strife ;
—lone—bathing it in its brilliance,
were dazzled into a deep trance ?
have waked, and she hath gone from me !
ɹthless Muses ! ye have duped my heart
the fond mind's creation. Lovelily,
ır divinity ideal, ye
ɜhed a vanished shadow. No ! the smart
ıth is in its core. She came, and did depart.

LXXXIII.

Love ! Child of Beauty and of Mind art thou,
Whose cradle is the heart ; and there thou liest
And dreamest of perfection, and repliest
To the exquisitest touch and gentlest glow
Of the least eye-glance, and preparest thy bow
In that invisible recess, and triest
Thine arrows numerous ; and quivered, so
Wilt raise the humble and abase the highest,
When thou awakèst at the time appointed
To assert thy sway, and, with a sovran wave
Of thy mysterious hand, quellèst the free,
And throwèst monarchs on their knees.—Anointed
Art thou above all passions else, to save
Or to destroy—man's bliss, man's bane, eternally.

LXXXIV.

Fame wooed me from her too-ethereal heights,
And I aspired even at her beckonings,
And sang as one of hope in durance sings,
Revelling in thought in liberty's delights,
The day's fond promise, vision of my nights :
Aspired perchance to fall. The meeds she brings
Are ofttimes evil ; or, if *better things*,
Earth's stain is on them and on her—she slights
Wisdom and worth—and *them* the bad abuse.
But they no more shall vex me now too much,
For Love hath on my soul laid his warm touch,
And my heart's altar with his flame renews—
Sincere the sacrifice, and smiles on such
Beauty whose smile is heaven ; and she shall be my Mus

LXXXV.

Daughter of Helle! or I err, and thou
Reportedst falsely to me of thy birth,
When first I wooed thee with my pupil vow,
And mockedst my embrace with perishing earth,
Instead of spiritual essence, as might bow
Spirits to thine appeal. Shall Time endow
Thy memory, and confess thy divine worth,
And worship thee with love, as I do now?
If diademed with amaranth, and embowered
Amid ambrosia whereon thy soul thrives,
Quenching thy thirst with nectar, and empowered
To gift thy votary with immortal fame,
And a prophetic voice whose music rives
Urns, and sways men therefrom—Up! and assert thy claim.

LXXXVI.

Have I not risen? When didst thou lift thy voice,
And I not answer it? Have I not come,
From mine immortal, immaterial, home,
Above the mountains, to bid thee rejoice,
And fold thee to my bosom, my own choice,
And prophecy to thee thy better doom,
And streamed mine azure eyes, whose light destroys
All darkness, into thine, and chased the gloom
Which is too wont to hang upon thy hope,
And chill its wings;—till, with such dalliance
Wearied, thou slepst, dissolved to a fond trance?
And then I blessed thy visions, and bade cope
Thy *spirit with its fate*, and the stern group
Who strengthen that gross god, tyrannous Circumstance

LXXXVII.

I have been blessed . . I have been blessed. But, oh!
The after-thought is bitter. The keen mind,
Retired from such communion too refined,
With too much of a soft ethereal glow,
To brook the world's stern winter-touch, and so,
Shrank from the cold reality . . deaf . . blind . .
To men and their taught ways ; yet doomed to know
Their passions, (which it sought,) from their unkind
Effects, and made to feel, and bend to them,
Even while itself rebelled, and tined the lash
Of the inspirited eyes' electric flash.
What marvel I misdeemed the magic gem,
I'd thought might calm nature's most angry hour,
When thus awhile with man it lost its active power?

LXXXVIII.

The gem, thou speakst of, is a Talisman
Nature obeys not only ; but all they
Who are not from her blessing cast away—
Spirits in heaven are psalteriän,
And poesy with angels first began,
And dwelt, in their eternal primal day,
With Truth, and Beauty, and Uraniä ;
Then, sweet survivor of the fall, she came
To men, and souled them with seraphic flame,
Which whosoe'er possess have thence the power
Both to create and live in what they frame,
In their own world, and on a simple flower
Will oft expend the soul, and dream on fame,
That wreath which still delays its promised dower.

LXXXIX.

Dear Poesy exists not in the glare
And tainted breezes of the court or mart,
But dwells with nature, with an humble heart,
And from her waters, skies, and flowers, and air,
Derives her dulcet sustenance, and there
Attunes her harp unheard, and thinks alone
Thoughts that are dreamed of but at Helicon ;
Till One of cognate mind and tuneful ear,
A wanderer, catches the prophetic tone,
Swelling in solitude, and lists thereto
Till his whole heart is raptured, and thrilled through,
With passionate love and admiration strong.
Thence he evokes her, for the world to woo,
And vows are paid to her, and homage late and long.

XC.

Think not that praise inspireth poesy
To her most lofty works. 'Tis when alone,
In silence, and seclusion, and unknown,
The spirit broodeth o'er the mystery
Of its affections, yearning to be free
Of the far heights of Immortality,
Fame's indistinct and unembodied throne,
To which they all aspire ;—she gains her own
Chief character, and wakens, from the chord
Of her sequestered harp, the restless flame,
Strengthened from long suppression, that is lord
Of man's deep feelings,—those without a name,
And lying all too deep for thought or word ;—
And burns of that intense devotion whence it came.

XCI.

Genius! tongue hath not told, nor e'er can tell
The thought within, unquenched, unquenchable,
Flashed down from heaven upon thy heart's true shrin
That seeks again its source, no less divine!
And, oh, what triumph in thy lonely cell,
In inspiration's lofty hour is thine—
O, what deep tones are murmuring o'er thy shell,
The mind's immediate breathings, when the Nine,
In their first influence, o'er-inform thy spirit!
Alas! alas! how oft the breath of fame
The fire but weakens while it fans the flame.
And mighty poets, who did once inherit
All that most consecrates thy lofty name,
Shew, all too soon, dim embers of their merit.

XCII.

Come to my bosom! let me clasp thee close!
Thou to my soul art dearer now than ever!
I deemed that praise and poesy were never
Divorced, but praise were nurse of it, O Muse!
And fame were the sure meed it ne'er might lose,
Nor would delay the laurel that prompt giver,
And thou wert counterfeit, and of the river
Of song hadst never quaffed, for where arose
Desert she alway instant crowned it, nor
Let it uncertain pine with hope deferred.
It is not so! my faithful monitor!
Authentic Muse! blest be the words I heard
Pronounced by thee: A flower a flower still is,
Though in the desert born and buried. Such is th

XCIII.

A flower's a flower though in the desert born,
And song is music and harmonious sense,
Whether 'tis uttered to the golden morn,
And the bright-haired Apollo listen thence,
Or, like the Bee with serenading horn,
The minstrel own all Flora, or dispense
His amorous murmurs to the intelligence
Of one meek violet only—or adorn
His homeward solitary way with his
Own song of mirth or sadness, heard by none;
Or, in his honied citadel alone,
Attune it for his own peculiar bliss—
Or he, like Orpheus, sing to savages,
Sans ear or soul, and find himself undone.

XCIV.

And did I deem to bid my harp farewell?
To curb my spirit, and on the heart return
All its crushed energies, to burn and burn
Thereon, and wither it, like a deep spell,
Eating away the core, invisible?
What! to behold the Rainbow, and discern
The hues of love therein, and inly swell
With thoughts, and yet be voiceless?—What! to yearn
For knowledge, the soul's nectar, cup elysian,
Yet in stern waywardness refuse to drink
Of the clear lymph at Aganippe's brink,
And shun heaven's light, then weep the altern condition?
'Twere as a freeman should forbear to think
Or *eaglet at the* sun to kindle his keen vision.

XCV.

DEAR BOY; take back thy Book. Its golden leaves
Show the rich mind and bounteous, that would call
Mankind to share its wealth. Much it receives,
Of daily bread, and would dispense to all,
And when forbid, benevolently grieves:
Yet is the sorrow which thy soul conceives
The evil that to knowledge will befall,
And of its due rejoicing still bereaves.
Whatso of good we dream of has to wage
A battle irksome to the tender soul,
And wakens grief in every land and age;
Already of such strife thy written scroll
Bears record; well hast thou thrown down the gage.
Be brave, and conquer. Speed, and gain the goal.

XCVI.

Let me rejoice, O God, that I have seen
The day when Truth shines like the sun in heaven.
Before it idols of the night are driven;
The shades of superstition, vague, unclean,
Writhing like spectres of the unforgiven,
Fade as Light grows; fears leave the spirit serene,
As darkness melts; and the old chains are riven
Which ignorance still imposes on the mean.
Yes, I rejoice in such deliverance,
And that I've eyes which may behold the same,
And a free soul that dares the cause advance
Of Man and Wisdom, whatsoe'er may chance,
Though Error's owls the sunshine may enflame,
And make them blinder grow, even to their shame

XCVII.

O, Lady; thy departing seemed to me
Like those unwingèd Angels', furtively
Who walked in elder times beneath the skies,
And held communion with the good and wise,
Making the common earth a paradise,
But were not other known than men to be,
Till they had vanished where no eye might see,
So sudden was their going. In such guise,
When thou wert gone, it seemed that thou hadst faded,
And no farewell been uttered; absence less
Revealed thy dearness than thy sacredness.
And by thy presence how we had been aided
In heavenward aspiring, taught to guess
At holiest truths, and hold discourse unjaded.

XCVIII.

We teach the Young? Rather, they teach us more
In some brief simple phrase than e'er before
We'd read in learnèd books. Thy Boy to me
Has been a mentor, and abounds in lore
I know not of, to which I had no key,
And which had none but his simplicity.
Out of his heart he speaks, and I adore,
Heeding the Oracle of Infancy.
Who listens to such teaching, soon will trace
A mystery in childhood, how divine.
And whiles I thus regard this Boy of thine,
I think I see in him his angel shine,
With *glory on him,* softened into grace,
Reflected from his Heavenly Father's face.

XCIX.

Yes ; I have suffered something like a trance
In looking on an Infant's countenance,
And felt myself a Seër, waking-dreaming ;
Translated without death, by one sweet glance
Into the worlds above us, where no scheming,
With its pernicious selfishness and seeming,
Corrupts the innocent ; and, even while teeming,
Destroys the germ of virtue in advance.
O, lovely is the spring-time of our youth !
And will it ne'er return to cheer our path,
When summer-suns are on us, and the Truth
Shines at full noon, and, reckless of all ruth,
Strikes down on sullen earth, as if to scathe ;
For even Truth is terrible in wrath ?

C.

O, Time, thou art eternal in thyself,
But sire of mortal children, the swift hours,
The swifter moments, and their subject-powers ;
Ancestral honours, or self-earnèd pelf,
The vessel stranded on a rocky shelf,
The withered oak, the living, lovely flowers,
Service of china fine, or vulgar delf,
And all that we despondingly call ours.
Even as the sands from out thy glass they run,
Leaving a void in that same space they filled,
Into the nether prison ; where they wone,
Till, in the revolutions of the sun,
The under becomes upper, and the skilled,
Observing law, become the less self-willed.

CI.

The sickle in the clouds embossèd lies,
Within a halo's midst, as on a shield.
The Crescent, cradled in the summer skies
Serene, lies argent on an azure field,
Expectant of the stars that shall arise
From the blue depths, where now they rest concealed.
For only at night to philosophic eyes
The multitude of worlds may be revealed.
Each, happy in her solitariness,
Looks up, regardful of those many spheres,
But may not, till she count herself no less,
Conceive the All, that is the universe:
For she, as they, is needed to confess
The Glory of the Maker—theirs and hers.

CII.

Needs to each planet self-reflective power,
Ere it be numbered in the mighty sum,
Which yet is numberless; the Eternal Sower
Of lustrous worlds, where'er his footsteps come,
Scatters, like seeds, creation's nuptial dower,
Wherewith the fields of space in season bloom,
Each planet like a plant in glorious flower,
Looking immortal, whatsoe'er its doom.
Therefore an Angel is enthroned in each,
A bright Intelligence, a self-conscious god;
And hence with one another they have speech,
A language understood by all, and teach,
Even to *man who but* this earth has trod,
Truths known alike by all the brotherhood.

CIII.

O, Lady ; fair Egeria, hast thou found
Thy Numa hidden in some outlaw's cave ?
I should not marvel, strange as it may sound,
For such all-loving Joves such licence crave,
And in caprices such as these abound.
All their desires are with fruition crowned,
Such power they have, and such extremes they bra
That all the world they conquer and enslave.
Haply, a palace in far orient land
Hived him and his fair houries, so to hide
From eyes profane their pleasures undescried ;
Or he some idol temple might command,
Where, with some yielding vestal by his side,
Some new avatar might be safely planned.

CIV.

What gift of Eloquence is his, that Faith,
Her fated ear once with his words possessed,
Entranced still listens to whate'er he saith,
And drinks the music in, and would, till death,
But that to speak he ceases ? Over-blessed
The heart that's stirred by such celestial breath,
Thrilled and pervaded with a sweet unrest,
Till Truth, like Light, becomes self-manifest.
Again he speaks ; and, with each uttered phrase,
Thy soul expands, and grows as large as heaven,
As stedfast as the earth, and bright with rays
Of sun and moon and stars, as in the days
When Silence first was broken, ere the Seven
Teemed with all Life, or Law to Love was given.

CV.

Believing One, not credulous, but convinced,
Reposing on the bosom of thy lord,
And smiling as a vessel newly rinsed,
Cleansed of all doubt, by his prevailing word.
Slander has whispered since, and thou hast heard
The worst of calumnies, and hast not winced;
Each trial borne, and yet hast never erred,
But all suspicions into star-dust minced.
Thus, justified thyself, and satisfied
Of his abiding favour, happy now,
Renewed in youth, thyself again a bride,
First among women; thy unfading brow
Crowned with the imperial myrtle, by his side,
Like Cleopatra, thronèd sittest thou.

CVI.

And he, thy Numa, or thy Antony,
With confidence restored in thee and thine,
With calm untroubled mien sits careless by,
Like to a god in his serenity,
And fears no rival now, himself divine.
He looks upon the sea, and to the sky,
Nor feareth Neptune while he sails the brine,
Nor Phœbus, though so fiercely he may shine.
A better fate had he than his who wed
The Pleiad, and pursued the god of day,
But never her he lost recoverèd—
And better thine than hers whom, on her bed,
In dreams *the gods* advised, how Ceyx lay
Ensepulchred beneath the salt sea-spray.

CVII.

Not every river that o'erflows its coast
Thinks, like the Nile, to fertilize the land;
But, as the Nigris or Euphrates, most
Leave no deposit on the happy strand
They inundate; but, as their power to boast,
Not act of bounty, in mere sport command
The violent action that converts the sand
Into a swamp. Not every giving hand
To the receiver blessing shall impart,
But barren make the boon, because the gift
Is wanting in the life-blood of the heart;
And, like the donor, has no generous drift;
The ostent of love, without the love, to lift
Giver and taker far above the mart.

CVIII.

The hand I gave to you my heart conveyed,
Therein my mind, my soul, my spirit were,
And each alike was fain the humble Maid
To elevate into the nobler sphere
Of Wife and Mother; nothing loftiër
In womanhood than these. Be not afraid,
That aught henceforth thy station can degrade,
To whom have been vouchsafed these titles clear.
Lovely indeed thy beauty virginal,
A crown unquestioned of thy modest brow,
But brighter yet the matrimoniäl,
And brightest the maternal. Happiest thou,
Who such tiara wearest, we rightly call,
Of all thy sex; of all most worshipt now.

CIX.

What, if this breast has harboured foreign loves,
With vehement rebuke I chase them hence,
And banish them with all that most reproves,
With demonstration and strong evidence
Like the old Caunians, resolute to dispense
With alien worships from their native groves,
Who rose in their own deities' defence,
With fervour such as pious men behoves.—
Armed were they all of every age, and stood
Like warriors, with their spears ; then rushed pell-mell,
Their weapons brandishing, and wild of mood,
As if invisible powërs they pursued,
Till reached Calynda's mountains, with loud yell
Exclaiming, " Foreign gods we thus expel ! "

CX.

Imagine Adam kneeling at Eve's feet,
With that " All hail, thou Mother of all Living ! "
Teaching his lips her majesty to greet.
Well was the Sin condoned, of Love's conceiving,
Which caused his wreck, but made his ruin sweet,
Bearing such fruit ; and, whatsoe'er bereaving,
Full recompensed by that most rich forgiving,
Which thronèd Beauty even in Wisdom's seat.—
Think, too, of Gabriel, Mary when he hailed,
Blessed among women, far above them all,
Whose worship, too, has since even more prevailed
Than her diviner Son's, and might recall
The *idolatry of angels*, who assailed
Men's daughters with such prayers as proved their fal

CXI.

Man sues the Woman with a frantic zeal
For that communion, which can quench alone
The fury that his heart is doomed to feel,
Till satisfied; but then resumes his throne,
While Woman pleads in that soft yearning tone
Which the Dove utters, . . . languishing appeal
To its fond mate, whose quick responses own
The natural desire that each would heal.—
The loves of old brought giants; these our days
Care not for prodigies; material might
Gladly exchanging for that mental light
Which the divine intelligence bewrays,
In happy natures, that shine ever bright,
And crowns our offspring's brows with solar rays.

CXII.

What is a Son? Say, Love that crownest Home;
The product of two minutes' earnest joy,
A germ that grows in darkness, burthensome
To lovely Woman, till the living Boy
Leap from the prison where, in little room,
He lay nine moons recluse, and close, and coy,
Fearful of light; until the fruit become
Apt to endure what else might sure destroy.
A thought engendered in two beating hearts,
Cherished by one till cultured to a thing;
Offspring of wedded souls, who practise arts
But natural, which over life yet fling
Such rainbow hues, so full of promising,
Doubt of such bliss a sudden terror starts.

CXIII.

Look on the breast how easily he lies,
Whereunder late he lay, and gratifies
The infant instincts of his appetites,
His thirst and hunger, waking sympathies
Parental, constant manifold delights,
In those whose loving, from the mysteries
Of cosmic forces, to our mortal sights,
Evolved their inward image. Days and nights
Of such felicity as man but knows,
And angels share not on their lonely beds,
Where still they rest in infinite repose—
The pleasure that with slumber overspreads
The mortal couch, that fountain wherefrom flows
The streams of being, ending none that dreads.

CXIV.

I have not wept—my grief for tears too deep—
During long exile, that my Son was dead—
For Absence is as Death. And, as in sleep,
Spirits are wont appear, so in his stead
My slumbers were by shadows visited,
In which his image still was wont to keep
The foremost place; and these the words it said—
"When we shall meet, then both of us will weep.
Those tears of joy, when they my cheek baptize,
Will carry blessings in their cadent course,
And the proud sorrow that disdains the eyes,
The ice-sea of the heart, must yield, perforce;
The *risen sun the* needful warmth supplies,
That melts the winter of our stern divorce."

CXV.

O, Sun, the Ocean's bosom is to thee
A mirror that reflects thy glories back.
O, that her bosom were but such to me,
Whom I am doomed to love. The skill we lack
To look into the heart, and nought may see
Beneath the heaving surface, though it be
White as the foam, and lustrous as the wave,
That glints and dances o'er the seaman's grave.
The breast may throb, and yet within its shrine
Not bear my image, as I fondly deem,
Even whiles I madly gaze, and think it mine—
Even though, within her eye, it haply gleam;
Another in her heart, howe'er she seem,
May in my stead be worshipped as divine.

CXVI.

Merrily on the billows, clad in light,
The ship floats onward; merrily by day,
And merrily beneath the stars by night,
While flashes round her keel the kindred spray,
And far into the air the smoke-wreathes play,
Like some proud victor's car with magian might
That treads the waters, in the wind's despite,
Making against the elements her way.
Tread thou her deck in pride, sciential Man;
Thine are her powers, and thine the soul that moves,
Both them and her, and whatsoe'er improves.
More wilt thou yet, that lies within thy plan,
And much that lies beyond it. Even so loves
The Infinite to crown what it began.

CXVII.

O darling Boy, to whose unclouded sight
The hues of Heaven, from whence thou'rt newly come,
Gleam in the flowers that greet the morning light,
In the soft dewy grass, the forest-bloom,
The sheen upon the rivers ever bright,
Or rainbow in the clouds ; a happy doom
May for thy future in such omens loom,
If thou retain these visions of delight.
They are no less than powers, if transit free
Be granted them into thy after years,
And of thy youth they glad survivors be.
Thus only in our manhood re-appears
The grace of Eden, and that blessèd glee
Which in old age breaks joyous through our tears.

CXVIII.

The World is strong, but stronger far the Mind
That shapes it to a purpose of her own.
Hence, though our destiny may be unkind,
The feelings early cherished keep their tone
In genial souls, nor may earth's shadows blind
The vision heaven-derived. The Light that shone
In infancy may shine our age upon
And nature ; and reveal the life behind.
'Tis thus the Poet conquers, and subdues
The aggregates of matter to his use,
In middle manhood and extremest eld.
Sylphs of the morning so in twilight hues
Of *grey-eyed evening* sport ; and, so beheld,
Triumph o'er time, still by the eternal quelled.

CXIX.

And these our victories we register
In song and sonnet, and in poem high,
In ode, and elegy, and tragedy,
In solemn masque, or mystery severe,
In ballad fytte, and epic rhapsody.
These suit the various moods our spirits wear,
Or light or heavy, kindly or austere,
Securing each an immortality.
Here may you read them, in this gilded book,
If aught of mine has any charm for thee,
And those glad eyes on such dull things may look.
Ah! dull to me, who now can scarcely brook
The sight of what I have survived, to be
Another and the same, nor bond, nor free.

CXX.

Such symbols, Boy, thou canst interpret well
Of larger labours, and of deeper thought,
Whereof they are but indices. To tell
Of the great battle I have singly fought
Would less avail than some small parable
Wherein it might be shadowed;—of the spell
That's spoken to us in the cradle, sought
To be explained in youth, and by the bought,
The dearly bought experience of the man.
Were vain the analysis it would require,
And therefore I o'ermaster my desire—
Herein each soul must do whate'er it can;
Help serves not here:—hope none, however dire
The warfare, nigh the danger, dread the ban.

CXXI.

I meant not, Boy, to make thee sad—not I.
Be not too grave—it sits not well on youth.
Come, laugh with me. I can laugh merrily,
As we have done together. Weightiest truth
Need not so crush the spirit. Still that sigh?
Is it for me?—or for thyself, in sooth?
For neither? That is well. Still no reply?
Another's sorrow renders thee uncouth?
Can it be hers, who trained thy infant mind,
The generous heart, that on her sister's child
Shed all a mother's love? What dream so wild
Has crossed her sleep, and left a sting behind?
A dream indeed!—nor to the dreamer kind,
Nor with life's duties to be reconciled.

CXXII.

Fair Maiden, re-consider thy resolve—
A hopeless passion thou hast nurtured long,
But never wished to gratify by wrong,
Nor suffered it thy spirit to involve
In such conflicting feelings, and so strong,
As make a misery of conscious life,
And keep it ever with itself at strife,
And yet apart from the world's busy throng.
O, seek no refuge, then, in solitude;
But from the circles where thou'rt happiëst,
Select a partner, learnèd, wise, and good,
And shrine him in thy bosom as the best,
And *win him to thee* for thy proper rest;—
How, well thou knowest; thou with each charm endued

CXXIII.

Still in the bosom of the Celibate
There lurks an aching heart, a yearning void
Plagued with unsatisfied desires, a state
Most barren, perilous, and desolate,
A spirit unenjoying, unenjoyed,
A being unproductive, self-destroyed,
A purposeless existence, doomed by fate
In fruitless issues still to be employed.
And wilt thou, with such wisdom as thou hast,
With riches boundless, beauty so supreme,
Permit such gifts as these to run to waste,
And prey upon thyself, a cursèd theme
For passion's logic, with perverted taste
To prove the happiest life a maniac's dream.

CXXIV.

Learn, only in the eyes of him who loves
Is woman lovely. All her loveliness
Is Beauty's reflex, when she mirror proves
To man's o'erruling mind, whose powër moves
Upon her aspect, that acknowledges
The mystic action, and thus images
The rapt contemplant, while, in silent groves
He gazes on the vestal he would bless.
Invite, then, loving eyes to gaze on thine,
And glance back loving œliads, as they look,
And all thy features will with beauty shine,
And yield expression like a sacred book,
For ages lost, found in some cloister's nook,
In symbols written—like this book of mine.

CXXV.

ıual contemplation we are human :
eciprocal regards neglect,
ne will come when even the face of woman
se the power whereby the young reflect
ory of that Love, which, with the true man,
up a heaven in the calm aspect,
ing to his heart himself a new man,
entures all where all may yet be wrecked.
ly passioned is that tranquil gaze,
ed for life to read his image there
se fond eyes that, in their fixed amaze,
ith their fringèd lids the starting tear,
) a tender brilliance melts the blaze
s too bright, and makes them still more dear.

CXXVI.

ne will come, when even the fairest glass
ıffer dimness, and refuse to show
veliness of Love. Alas ! alas !
hus defect on radiant things should grow,
here, as soon we fatally shall know,
ıaration can be. So they pass ;
ouched, soon broken, hopeless left to go
ver chance may float the unnoted mass.
t such time steal on thee unaware,
Maiden, for thy own and sister's sake.
nd more dear, still as those gifts so rare,
ı thy nature sleep, daily awake,
evel *freely in the* sun and air,
les do when breezes fan the lake.

CXXVII.

With wind and tide now sail we bravely on.
Ply well thy charms, thou Circe; minded well
Not to make brutes of men (that men were none,
But shadows of their kind). Gifts with thee dwell,
Would raise them skyward, teach them to excel,
And claim the place of angels for their own.
Talk of the witcheries of Venus' zone,
The wreath thou wearest boasts a mightier spell.
No shy Adonis may thy Lover be;
Cold were the heart that kindled not with thine;
This is indeed a conquest worthy thee.
And whom thou hast subdued thrice happy be.
A very Cupid was this Boy of mine,
Between you sporting, mediate most divine.

CXXVIII.

Sweet Childhood's innocence to all true lovers,
That oft between them carries embassies,
Of such deep import, under shallow covers
That would deceive the most experienced eyes;—
Shy now as pigeons, rapid now as plovers,
Saddened with questions, pleasèd with replies.
A magic air breathes round him where he hovers,
A mortal Eros, cunning at disguise.
Would Infancy were deathless as 'tis fair—
But O, while still on it we look it fades.
Fatal to it the errands it must bear,
Too early learnèd in the best of trades.
Precocious grown, that artlessness of air
Deludes no more or loving men or maids.

CXXIX.

With wind and tide now sail we bravely on—
Lady august; now happy with thy Lord,
In that proud vessel, glad to be aboard.
Long though the voyage, still the sun has shone,
And ocean laughed. Yes, over bliss restored,
Joy is in heaven, and in the unexplored
And watery depths, where secret treasures wone;
But none so rich as thine—thy Spouse, thy Son.
Expectant of thy coming, Sleep has dared
To fill her courts with dreams, and we are all
Turned into prophets, and each morn recall,
Each to the other, what the Night has shared
With the fond soul, whom it would have prepared
To meet its hopes with mien imperiäl.

CXXX.

Dreams are of Night; but, also, of the Day:
Those on the past, *these* to the future lean;
Those in the darkness still with fancy play,
As when the shut eye paints the pictured scene,
But *these* precede experience; and, serene,
Give law unto its surgings; so allay
The tempest, and with promise intervene;
Shedding on ocean's breast a sunny ray.
The Ideals *these*, that after-ages rule,
With infinite potentialities;
For Powers are they, creative; earth and skies
Renewing ever, making beautiful
The common, *and illumining* the dull:
And all their utterances are prophecies.

CXXXI.

Such dreams inspire the Youth whose genial mind
Forecasts its destiny, and in the dawn
Sees noon's glad promise; they are intertwined
With its initiate feelings, nor withdrawn
From its consummate hopes; for still behind
Each conquest they a loftier have designed,
Full of the visions that disdain to fawn
On greatness, who far greater have foregone.
Saviours, Redeemers, they who dream such dreams,
Who labour, suffer, perish for mankind;
And, when their task is done, become the themes
Of speakers, singers, in their academes—
Ears are they to the deaf, eyes to the blind,
And the chained slave they willingly unbind.

CXXXII.

And shall I grieve, that I have suffered loss
In such a conflict? Rather should I grieve,
That I am not yet slain; and bear the cross
That I am burthened with, from morn to eve
As patiently as He whom we conceive
Our great example; and purge off the dross,
That with our beings yet will interweave,
By means of sorrow making us less gross.—
A finer life then quickens—in the heart
A livelier throb, and in the brain a fire
Kindling the enthusiast eye. The lover's part
The actor plays; he sails by passion's chart.
But Conscience guides the helm; exempt from ire,
Bold through all terrors drives,—and they retire.

CXXXIII.

Yet when the iron penetrates the soul,
We needs must writhe, and haply sigh or groan.
These pains by nature follow. Their control
Lies in the spiritual will alone,
Which even the Indian frequently hath shown,
Enduring torture with a courage whole
And unsubdued, to men less wild unknown;
The martyr's crown, though not the martyr's dole.
Weak have I been at times, and murmured oft
At petty evils, for my trial sent,
And pined at heart, with a low discontent—
Unworthy one whose hopes in youth aloft
Would soar, and wing the stirring element,
Safe for the stern, disastrous to the soft.

CXXXIV.

Is Gentleness not greater far than Force,
And hath a mightier power in the end?
What, if to humble means I had recourse,
Since for subsistence life must have resource
Where'er its need is, and on change attend
For its provision, if chance prove its friend—
Fly—walk—or swim, or creep, and seize the worse
If to our want the better will not bend.
'Tis thus the man contracts into a part,
And limits his free scope, and sits in bond,
To some small duty leagued; or the tamed heart,
That once so highly swelled, at length desponds,
Or shuns *the strife*, or mingles in the mart,
Where Fraud frequents, Integrity absconds.

CXXXV.

O, to be *all* the man, and not a part:
O, Plato, Socrates; O, Paul; and ye,
In every age, who spurn the sophist's art,
That fits us for the world's sad slavery,
And teach us the true way to liberty—
O, worthy were ye to be, and were, free.
Dear to my soul is freedom, to my heart
The truth which maketh free. Be still my chart
By astral observation ever framed,
So may I reach the goal at which I aimed;
Casting my care upon that loving Lord,
Upon whose bounty I may feed unblamed.
All things draw life from his Creative Word,
Which to my life due nurture shall afford.

CXXXVI.

Then have we lived too long, when Age and Need
Close the hard worker's life; nor seems it just
Labour should have such issues. Wiser heed
Submissive Faith bestows on that which must,
Than that we'd have to be. Shall mortal dust
Prejudge the Eternal? Such events proceed,
Be sure, from human folly and mistrust.
By our own hands we're wounded, if we bleed.
Imperfect are the worthiest of mankind;
Reasoning, we err; and being born, we die;
And to the future we are wholly blind:
Strong links, though sightless, thoughts to motives tie,
And acts to thoughts: . . and if the motives lie,
Far from the truth will be the deed designed.

CXXXVII.

We lie unto ourselves; there is no truth
In our degenerate nature. Aught of good
There is in man or woman, maid or youth,
Comes not of birth, nor runneth in the blood.
The strain it springs from is of higher mood,
Far above music; whispering, full of ruth,
Such gracious secrets as the fiercest would
Melt into tears, and the vexed spirit soothe.
No more among the tombs the maniac roams,
But, sane at once, re-visits human homes.
O, heavenly strain, that hath such magic spell,
Ne'er heard the like even in cathedral domes—
It lifts the soul above the visible,
Even to the circle where Archangels dwell.

CXXXVIII.

Age, Grief, and Pain! My cries the Heavens upbraid.
O, God! when cares increase, should health decline,
And weakness come, that makes the soul afraid,
While the earth trembles, and we call for aid
That hastens not, and languish for a sign
That may not be vouchsafed? Why have I prayed,
Both night and day, despairing yet repine,
Till lost all faith in Providence Divine?
Now shipwreck threatens, darkness gathers round,
Creation fades, the world dissolves away;
But, in her solitude, the Soul self-found
Feels her immortal, since that every stay
She trusted in hath perished. She is crowned,
*Shedding her bright*ness 'midst the gloom like day.

CXXXIX.

These things I've proved; they're truths that I have felt.
When evil presses, then we cling to God
The closer, and draw nigh his dread abode,
Where comfort in his presence may be dealt
To all who seek him, when the tempests pelt
And drive the wanderer home. Each then, his load
Cast on the Saviour, feels his heart to melt
Into the Father's heart, that hath o'erflowed.
Absorbed in such communion, earthly cares
And human sorrows from the suffering mind
Depart, and leave it to unconscious prayers,
Whose silent aspirations undefined
Blend with his will, and share the peace He shares
With every soul to piety inclined.

CXL.

Pain! O, Prometheus, chainèd to a rock;
Pain! pain!—the vulture gnawing at the heart.
Ai! ai! Why groan I, while the vulgar mock
At sorrows by the will of my own art
Drawn down upon myself? Who feels a shock,
And writhes not? Or the piercing of a dart,
And shrinks not from the wound? The tears will start;
In spite of pride, the waters leap the lock.—
Pain from without, and from within, assails
My quivering soul, that hurriedly exclaims
As it were quitting hold of life. Strength fails,
With the last effort. Where's the world?—its aims,
Its hopes, its wishes, and its mighty names?
Not vanished yet? How little life avails!

CXLI.

Though pain, though grief endure for many days,
Sleep comes at last, and Sorrow rests awhile;
Then opes the Inward Vision, which surveys
A special world, where faery Fancy sways,
And Wonder walks in the perpetual smile
Of a benignant summer; threads the ways
Of an unfolding paradise, where guile
Hath entrance none, nor aught that may defile.
We dream we are delivered; that the chains
Have dropped from our galled limbs, and we are free
To breathe a purer air, and roam the plains
And pastures of a sunnier clime; where reigns
A gentle Shepherd, over flocks that be
Whiter than any yet on Land or Sea.

CXLII.

And when that deepest sleep of all shall veil
The wearied eyelids, in the last repose,
Such dreams shall be no phantasies that fail
On our awaking, but abide, like those
Immortal truths that with our birth arose,
And have no setting, nor memoriäl,
But, ever present, for our bliss or bale,
Still haunt the spirit, wheresoe'er it goes.
Welcome such dreams, and ever so remain,
Our best companions on that happier strand,
Where shadows are not, neither grief nor pain,
But we shall dwell in light, and fear no stain;
Into a *glorified, triumphant* band,
Transformed at once, as by the Enchanter's wand.

CXLIII.

Angels, of old 'twas said, appeared in dreams,
And witness bore to Innocence and Love.
And, though our science separate now what seems
From that which is, such errands from above
May yet be sent; and thus the heart have gleams
Of heaven in slumber, and the night approve
In silence what the garish day esteems,
In noise and ignorance, most falsely of.
O, Lady; happy now, whiles on the billow,
Thy Lord beside thee, by thee so adored,
That a blest vision, visiting his pillow,
Discoursing of thy Son, doth proof afford
Of thy true honour, to his faith restored.
Once more the Myrtle's thine :—farewell the Willow.

CXLIV.

Shame comes to me to have heard myself complain
Of sorrow, suffering, and the thrill and throe
That stir the nerves with sympathy for wo,
And make the spirit sensible of pain.
For what of pleasure ever could we know,
If that which can such ecstacy sustain
Were but to lose one linklet of the chain
That binds us to the rack that shakes us so?
To live is even to feel, and it must be
That conscious being in its twin extremes
Shall bear the proof of its polarity,
And Life and Feeling dream out many dreams.
The dead feel no such various tendency;
Life with all contrasts, in its changes, teems.

CXLV.

Pain comes to warn us when there's danger near,
But Pleasure hurries us to danger's brink.
That, like adversity, whate'er we think,
Is the best friend that mortals can have here.
This, like prosperity, leads, link by link,
To that which, though it fetters, we must wear,
Till bit by bit within the flesh it sink,
And perish of despondency or fear.
Then welcome Pain; since we are safe with thee,
And nurtured into that heroic mood
Which makes us master of our misery,
So that we change the evil into good,
And, on the well-tried ground of Fortitude,
Erect the temple of Felicity.

CXLVI.

Some hearts there be that seek a home in heaven,
And some that make a home of heaven on earth.
Those gain a local language, that gives birth
To sensible expression, which, when given,
Permits discourse that else had vainly striven
For utterance, and lends types to shadow forth
The Ineffable;—whose high transcendent worth
Has evermore in silence better thriven.
These realise in deeds far more than words
The Beautiful, the Truthful, the Sublime,
In most familiar instance, and the prime
And spring of life domestic, free from crime,
Which—*though the* Muse but seldom such records—
Win the regard of angels, and their Lord's.

CXLVII.

Old tales there be that tell of blessed meetings,
After long partings. Such the will of Fate.
Who can describe of such the enraptured greetings,
The strange conjectures and the wild entreatings,
Of loving hearts that, of their hoarded freight
Disburthened, grow elastic and elate:—
What untold wonders, and admired repeatings,
What tears, what smiles, now mirthful, now sedate.
The voyager returned resumes the chair
Vacated long, and earnest looks around,
On old familiar objects; himself there,
Between the past and present sudden found
The living nexus and the conscious bound,
With busy mind uniting to compare.

CXLVIII.

Dear Youth, thou human Eros, angel-child,
Thou virtuous pandar 'twixt two honest hearts;
Well has thy errand sped, and reconciled
Four souls in kindly bonds; thy guileless arts
Have from thy mother plucked those jealous darts
That have the heart they entered still defiled,
And to her sister's given unbeguiled
That peace a faithful love alone imparts.
A happy bride ere long shall she be seen
At Hymen's altar, while thy Sire serene
Regards the sacred rite with that calm eye
Which speaks assurance to his bosom's queen,
Who towers aloft in tranquil majesty,
Like Juno smiling from a summer sky.

CXLIX.

But even so far as they are blest, are they
Clad in the garments that have left me bare;
And I must seek in thee a surer way
To earn the joy that I see others share.
Thy pupil mind in knowledge to array
Be henceforth all my pride and all my care,
And, while I cultivate thy virtues rare,
Behold the work that crowns my later day.
There have I hit the target in the eye,
My arrow aimed aright, the prize achieved,
Exulting so in my security;
And in thy faithful heart, dear Boy, believed
My image planted, free from rivalry,
And for my love an equal love received.

CL.

No wonder I should love baptised of Love,
No wonder should believe surnamed of Faith,
No wonder Herald of new truths should prove,
For even such my compellation saith.
Thus am I agitated with the breath
That needs must utter impulses that move
Conscience and will, and hovers, like a Dove,
Over the waters both of life and death.
Yet all is darkness till the Voice Divine
Bids light appear, intelligence arise,
And cause the heavens visibly to shine
Both in the nether and the upper skies;
Thereafter, on the earth firm footing mine,
Dear mother Earth, still fain to realize.

CLI.

There is a tempest ever in my heart,
Still loving, still believing, still deceived;
And thou, dear mother Earth, whose cunning art
Aye tempts us onward, till of hope bereaved,
And with thy manifold illusions grieved,
Yet promisest fit clothing to impart
To each rude urchin, armèd with a dart,
And leavest him naked still, and unrelieved.
All shivering into the cold world they come,
The grand Ideas that would form mankind
Into a better image; ay, and some
Have not even eyes to see, for they are blind,
Have not even tongues to speak, for they are dumb,
And vex us their incompetence to find.

CLII.

Alas! that when we think the fruit is ours,
It withers in our hands. I might have known
That Youth would look on Beauty for his own,
And follow where she leads—to faery bowers,
For luxury and dalliance meant alone;
Leaving dull wisdom to those leisure hours
That seldom visit those whom passion-flowers
Have with pernicious sweetness overthrown.
Thine eyes have wandered from the printed page,
And found more learning in a damsel's eye,
Than all the volumes in the world supply;
And sent besides, I guess, an embassage
That no unfriendly warfare means to wage,
And conquers with a look right graciously.

CLIII.

And thou, proud Lady, not too proud to sin,
Who shouldst have cared for me in my exile,
And, from thy bower of paradise within,
Luring him to thee with thy mother smile,
Taught the too-thoughtless Boy, how near akin
Ingratitude must alway be to guile;
Defeating expectation: so to win,
And re-assure his love for me meanwhile.
Thou wert against me, plotting with his youth,
Persuading him instead to love the maid;
And swear to her an everlasting truth;
And so was I unconsciously betrayed;
For, Lady, thou too blessèd wert, in sooth,
To think of one who never would upbraid.

CLIV.

No Jay of Italy, or other land,
That to her artist for Madonna sate,
Supplants thee now in what thou shouldst command,
That he enfeoff his heart who gave his hand.
True were the scriptures of thy Leonate,
No fear thou shouldst misread thy loving mate,
While thus he looks on majesty, more grand
Than Cleopatra's, in her orient state.
O, with the clusters of his Jovian beard,
That to his chest flowed downward,—unafeared
Securely play, and fondly call him then,
"Thy demi-atlas, burgonet of men;"
And make *his Son take* note, while thus endeared,
His Father's glory fills the house again.

CLV.

Nor, Lady, look beyond thy present joy,
In wandering thoughts, for other loves than his,
Because they'd make thee taste the heavenly bliss
Of adoration, worship sure to cloy,
And at the best idolatry amiss,
A superstition, pregnant of annoy,
That most betrays when most it loving kiss,
Both him who kneels and her who would enjoy.
But turn admiring and devoutest looks
Upward to him who is a Zeus to thee,
With such religion kindled in thy e'e
As never yet was found in leasing books,
That shew a broken moon in rippling brooks;
Such glances all the soul from hindrance free.

CLVI.

O, passing false appeareth to me now
The superstition, the idolatry,
With its parade, its glitter and its glow,
That once enthralled us with such sophistry
It might be feared that truth we ne'er should know,
Had not ere long we found the treachery
Of the sad service that misled us so,
Then left us in our sorrow heedlessly.
O, well for thee, who findest in due time
Such restoration as redeems thy state;
O, ill for me, who thus am desolate,
Condemned to mourn alone my secret crime,
Sans that which renders solitude sublime,
When mind outsoars companionship in fate.

CLVII.

I suffer with the many, fond of faith,
Who, proving false that which they wished most true,
Lapse once for aye into the moral death
Of such like infidelity as saith
The world's a labyrinth without a clue,
And, having loved unwisely, dread anew
To love where love may meet with loving breath,
So lose the chance of healing might ensue.
None other, or in earth or heavèn, may
Replace thee in the heart whose void I feel;
So doomed am I, lovelorn, to shape my way,
A hopeless wanderer without appeal,
No queen among the stars to whom to kneel,
No goddess 'mong the groves with whom to stray.

CLVIII.

O, lonely pilgrim without shrine to seek;
Voyager, of compass and of chart deprived,
Who nighs the rock whereon his ship must break,
That else had harboured safe in sheltered creek:
O, way-worn traveller who has survived
The ties that bound him; at his home arrived,
Finds all is in the grave, nor deigns to speak,
Unfriended, and unchilded, and unwived;
Then wanders forth again to alien shores,
And would, in silence or forgetfulness,
Conceal the grief that stuns with its excess,
And all approach to sympathy abhors.
'Tis manlier *to be* mute than to express
Some sorrows; best to yield than fight some wars.

CLIX.

Yet how intense soe'er my hidden grief,
I cannot chuse but hear the voice of song,
For music, when nought else, can give relief,
Such charms unto the art of verse belong;
And now, dear Boy, I hear, in numbers strong,
A hearty welcome meant for thee in chief,
But also for thy Bride, and nothing wrong,
To wish your mutual joy may not be brief.
Even I, though stricken with my sorrow dumb,
The wakening strain can feel, and listen pleased
The notes of your Epithalamiüm,
The cadences still past, and still to come,
And, as they rise and fall, my heart is eased,
Though with the tones my weeping be increased.

CLX.

Sing Iö Hymen, soon as waked exclaimed
Aurora blushing; this Apollo heard,
And 'gan his shell to sound; for he preferred
Such mirth to silence, since he long had aimed
To lead the joyance, Tellus had averred
That destiny had ages back proclaimed
This morn should bring, ere the gay lark were stirred
To quit his nest in revelry untamed.
And so the air was all with music filled,
And inspirations on the breeze descended,
And through the panting bosom gladly thrilled
Of youth and maiden, as their steps they bended,
Singing while they in long procession wended,
To festal altar, as by Herè willed.

CLXI.

So at this Hour and Season, morn and spring,
The Heavens and Earth were married in consent,
That two fair creatures of the element,
Most highly favoured of the Elfin king,
Sould test the virtue of the magic ring,
That for the finger of a Bride is meant,
When fitting mate, to cure her discontent,
Shall place it there, his purpose symboling.
So Truth and Beauty wed; and men rejoice,
That so much love with so much innocence
Lives still in faithful hearts; and, free of choice,
To their delight give utterance and voice.
And women join the mystic chorus, whence
Both Iö Hymen, with the dawn, commence.

CLXII.

Fair boys and damsels, with your wreathèd brows,
Your mystic garlands peering at the sky,
Sing, shout and dance, as in the days gone by,
When nature might in carnival carouse,
And ask no licence and no liberty,
And none might be enforcèd to keep house
For dread of thief or other enemy,
But all disport them under shady boughs.
O, come with pipe and tabour, girls and boys,
And smite the timbrel, singing to their praise,
That one of twain are made; each best obeys,
Who the Creator's bounty best enjoys;
And *makes the Hours* of this chief of Days,
Though long, seem brief with your delirious noise.

CLXIII.

O, speed the Hours that they bring in the Night,
For under shadow of his wing must be
Performed the holiest, most religious rite,
That none but they, the happy pair, may see.
Leave them alone to their most sweet delight;
Retire with reverence, and with veiled sight,
From love's most sacred bower and sanctuary,
From wanton gaze and loud intrusion free.
Be sure the deed that crowns all other deeds
Will not be left by them unsolemnized,
For all good powers are with them, whence proceeds
Each object for its beauty mainly prized.
With patience wait the fruit; no haste there needs,
For with their hearts hath nature sympathized.

CLXIV.

Ah, wo! for me such song can ne'er be sung,
No hymeneal on my love awaits,
That perished where it triumphed. Men among,
I am not of them. Sorrow consecrates
Whom it secludes, and that which dieth young
Is favoured by the Heavens. Hence, vain debates—
Hence, all remembrance that but desolates.
To one resolve my knitted nerves are strung.—
No more I cherish indolence, the cause
Of all my sin, my sorrow, and my shame;
Hence was I ignorant of my proper aim,
And stood in fear of undiscovered laws,
And of that wonder which still overawes
The spirit lost to truth, and dead to fame.

CLXV.

Saidst thou that diligence were idler far
Than very idleness? Why should we sow
If we are ne'er to reap? Thy luckless star
Predicts no harvest on the earth below—
Thy guerdon's in the heavens—on earth is war,
Thy peace in other worlds can only grow.
O, fatal thought, that would all effort mar,
And false withal. Great things of growth are slow.
Though late, they yet bear fruit, and while thou speakest,
A second autumn, lo, thy work hath blest,
The first had seemed to shun. Before thou wreakest
Thy disappointment on thy proper breast,
Learn what it is thou by thy labour seekest,
Whether the earliest budding, or the best.

CLXVI.

Then seek, my Soul, the highest; caring not
For what the meaner appetites require,
That we should eat, or drink, or what attire
We should put on; thine a sublimer lot,
To reason, to reflect, to learn, desire
Knowledge and Wisdom, and accomplish what
Of skill is needed to obtain the fire
Of inspiration, and prevent the rot
Of superstition, like a canker, eating
Into the life and substance of the mind;
As sure it will if lazily inclined
To slumber, and, with credulous entreating,
Seek vain *support in* witchcraft, error greeting
With that same faith for truth alone designed.

CLXVII.

Sloth is unskilful ever, unexercised
In reason, careless of the proof of things,
Submissive to impressions, subsidised
By custom, nestling underneath the wings
Of blind authority, safe, unadvised,
And free from all those wholesome questionings
Which public creeds, even when recognised,
Permit to all save servile underlings.
This unenquiring Sloth, to worship prone,
And apt, intolerantly, to enthrone
Some prejudice, in place of principle,
And act the bigot's part, which is not well;
This must I, like the snake his slough, disown,
And shun henceforth—nay, dread far more than Hell.

CLXVIII.

Well didst thou, Hermas, from the Tyber's river,
To draw the Roman maiden bathing there,
Lending a helping hand to Beauty fair;
What, though an arrowy flight from Cupid's quiver
Pierced the young heart that looked on to despair?
And wherefore? Lying visions, thin as air,
Rebuked the youth for sin where sin was never,
In faithful love that means to love for ever.
Ill didst thou, Hermas, to list heedfully
That aged Crone who bore the accusing Book,
And shewed the building of the Tower to thee,
That stood upon the waters. Let it be.
Not alway shall it stand:—for, closer look,
It fades when that is done it undertook.

CLXIX.

redulous and erring, to enounce
e subjects of the mind for objects true :
h as the pard, the panther, or the ounce
prising distance, on his preys to pounce.
is Thaumaturgus, whom the Church miscrowns,
emple shelter sought, while tempest blew,
mbling with terror of the demon crew,
cleared the air as morning nigher grew.
n sighed the fiend in his believing ear,
hristian had expelled him from his shrine—
misbelieving Saint, who thought, 'tis clear,
se pagan gods were gods, though not divine;
faith as strong in the old creed, as in
gospel he would teach both far and near.

CLXX.

Superstition; that such weed as thou,
thin devotion's garden lingers now,
at still Religion should be, now as then,
pious mask put on by carnal men!
nce is it that the progress is so slow
Truth, though aided both by sword and pen,
d many know not what they seem to know,
ough held in reverence as clerkly men.
at Saints should so deceive, or be deceived,
d bring disgrace upon the faith they love,
e limitsof our knowledge misconceived,
spite the clearest teaching from above!
es in *vain have* written, . . still believed
phantoms they had laboured to disprove.

CLXXI.

From carnal Egypt; even from Greece escaped;
The mystic Isis wears no more her veil—
No fable now,—no allegoric tale,
The truth to me no longer trimly draped.
What, though the famous Argo ne'er did sail,
Nor e'er for the Thessalian ocean gaped,
The Phrygian Fleece be feigned, and lies prevail
Of wronged Medea, or Europa raped?
What, though by her be knowledge symbolized,
And dauntless valour Jason represent,
The Dragon, envy; and the fruit of gold
The meed obtained by merit recognised?
I have the lore, the courage that is meant,
Subdue the envy, and the guerdon hold.

CLXXII.

Watch must I keep on my sad heart, and more
On my mind's growth, that it grow not awry,
So that my faith from its deficiency
Lose nothing, or presuming over-soar
All limits from excess; when peril nigh
Threatens from too much sensibility,
Or hardening of the nature; nor ignore
What health may prompt, or sickness may deplore.
For little, at the best, Religion sways
Such individual accidents as give
To characters the tricks by which they live;
Wherefore I caution use, lest what betrays
Defect in me may injure what obeys
Laws that are perfect, supersensitive.

CLXXIII.

ce is engrafted on the natural man,
changes not the individual type,
ugh it refine his motives, or make ripe
fruit he bears which, since the world began,
tes sour till sweetened thus :—for nothing can
vert identity into a pipe,
t sendeth out the breath which through it ran
altered, in its transit from the lip,
by its structure gives not special tone
that which passes through the instrument.
nce Paul the Christian is but " clothed upon,"
d yet beneath the robe retains his own,
Hebrew still though to the Gentile sent,
learned, as zealous, but more eloquent.

CLXXIV.

Voice that came unto the Gentile soul,
soul made music of to suit its will,
changed in name, retained its nature still.
lenius of each people spurns control,
stes the same, his virtues, and his skill,
with added powër to fulfil
stiny that is his proper dole,
n the crown that waits him at the goal.
man worshipt at each ancient shrine,
wed before the idols that he knew,
repudiate as no more divine,
ed as saints, and deemed as such more true.
n *spirit, though* we thus refine,
he same, whilst altered to the view.

CLXXV.

Wherefore it me behoves, if I would shun
That infidelity which leaves the mind
A craving void with little food, or none,
To learn what at the first that Voice designed,
The teachings of that Word which, as the Son
Of the Eternal Father, taught mankind
In every age, that Deity was One,
And we his Offspring, whether deaf or blind.
That Word which spake God's will in divers ways,
By prophets and by sages, and still rules
The pregnant minds, whose living Wisdom sways
The erring race of Churches and of Schools,
And to the souls of *all* the truth conveys,
Though questioned still by bigots and by fools.

CLXXVI.

Wo to the Angels of the fallen Shrines,
Seduced to sense from their ideal thrones,
For whom is no repentance; hopeless Ones,
For whom no promise comes, no mercy shines,
And no Redeemer lives, nor Death atones;
No Saviour of your seed, immortal Sons
Of everlasting Light, your guilt confines
And expiätes within permitted lines.
Example have ye none, through which to rise
Out of the ruin ye have sunk into;
No priest, who, like you tempted, feels for you;
*No mo*ther, back to win you, with her eyes,
*To the great Fa*ther, whom her charms so woo,
He stoops to her on earth even from the skies.

CLXXVII.

Blessèd is Man, ye Lost ; with you compared,
Whate'er his sorrow, still a child of God :
Your highest joy to him had ministered,
Had ye but kept your first estate, nor dared
'Twixt him and his Creator, unallowed,
To mediate of mere will, by that ensnared
To usurpation ; *him* elect avowed,
You reprobate, for HE subdues the proud.
Therefore, restorèd Man shall still adore
In holiest temples whence exiled are ye,
Who once were worshipt with idolatry ;
And God reigns monarch all his kingdoms o'er,
Whether the abyss of his infinity
The heavèns, or the earth, for evermore.

CLXXVIII.

So will I on a pilgrimage, though late,
And left alone, go forth, companionless,
Without or scrip or purse, until the gate
I reach of that far City, whose high state,
Beyond the border of the wilderness,
Hath sure foundations, and doth open wait
For all who will to enter ; who redress
And refuge need, or guerdon as I guess.
Therein no temple, but thou, God, alone.
No sun, no moon, but thou, O Light divine ;
Nor night nor winter there, day still shall shine,
And summer be eternal ; on His throne
Each equal sits, nor king nor priest shall own,
Save, Father, thee ! All praise and power be thine.

CLXXIX.

I have grown old with passion and with thought,
And in prophetic wrath I curse and bless,
Like Israel just escaped the wilderness.
My spirit on Gerizim blessing-fraught,
On Ebal teeming with a curse o'erwrought,
And those antiphonies resound no less
Within my heart, as fearing to transgress,
Or setting sacred Covenant at nought.
The stream of Jordan passed, on either height,
My thoughts assemble, o'er the deep ravine,
After due worship in the broad daylight,
And malison and benison recite—
That stern as Ebal, barren, poor and mean;
This, like Gerizim, fertile and serene.

CLXXX.

Cursèd be they that Idols false revere,
Or worshipt of the tribe, or of the man,
Or formed in forum or in theatre;
On them and theirs fall an eternal ban,
Who for the things that are take what appear,
Or truth for errors quit, or words prefer
To the sublimer powers whence they began,
Or follow blindly the leviathan
Of old authority. Accursed be they
Who to the senses give empiric sway,
And the self-conscious reason would dethrone;
Oppressors and destroyers, who waylay
The living mind, that fain would walk alone,
With hidden terrors, while it toileth on.

CLXXXI.

Blessèd be they that, pure in heart and mind,
Obey the laws that are in both enshrined;
Voices of Him in whom they live and move,
With whom the words of Law are words of Love;
And those which Nature, for due ends designed,
Observes—to the profane among mankind
Revealed not. Blessèd shall such wisdom prove,
And guide the soul in search of realms above.
Fertile of truth shall every spirit be,
To whom such Voices come—the Word within,
And its far echoes in infinity—
And, midst a shadow-world of death and sin,
True Substance find, and Causes that are kin
To us and Him, whose images are we.

CLXXXII.

Amen! The war is over, with the din
Of creeds and systems, the idolatries
Of sense and license. Now, my Soul, begin
To seize the peace for which the spirit sighs,
In all its yearnings and strong agonies;
But not with fond impatience, that would win
Quiet, ere safe from sortie and surprise,
The snare that lies in wait, the secret gin.
Welcome to weary pilgrim is the close
Of the long journey he has trod on foot;
The wished-for end of hardships, toils and woes,
With all the guilt of which they are the root;
The promised Salem, where she may repose,
Secure from danger, guerdoned well to boot.

CLXXXIII.

Gold is not heavier than a Feather is,
Nor is the feather lighter than the gold,
If from the outward air we both withhold.
Nor will one man be wiser, as I wis,
Nor less wise than another, that than this,
If from the School excluded, young or old;
Self-knowing, though nought else to them unfold.
Makes Teaching, then, the seeming difference? Yes.
But boor or scholar, Conscience reigns in both,
That both precedes instruction and succeeds,
Making them equal, whether men or youth;
Hence comes to simple souls inspirèd Truth,
Whom no experience lightens or misleads;
Even the Idiot, who the world ne'er heeds.

CLXXXIV.

But in the air the coin will reach the ground
Ere doth the feather. So the cloistered monk,
Delivered from the cell whereto he shrunk,
Will soon above his equals there be found.
Truly, with thanks I should the more abound,
That I, who might have been for ever sunk
In servitude, have broken from the pound,
Wherein they had imprisoned my poor trunk.
Never too grateful can our manhood be
For the rich freedom that it brings, when we
Launch on the world, like vssels out to sea,
And breathe the air, and revel in the light,
And all seems boundless to the expanded sight,
The very image of the infinite.

CLXXXV.

Who said my heart was withered, dead and cold,
That disappointed love had killed all feeling,
And never would these eyes again behold
The love-like, in the form of woman, stealing
Into the finer senses they enfold;
And, to the inner depths of sight, revealing
That truer beauty which, like faery gold,
The natural orbs are skilled not in unsealing?
Again the well-spring in my soul o'erflows;
The living water, where the desert is,
Requickens life, and murmurs to the close,
Where, sitting meekly by the low hedgerows,
That skirt the humble gardens of poor bliss,
A maiden muses on her lover's kiss.

CLXXXVI.

I looked beyond me for a loftier love,
In those false days of my unhappiness,
When, lured by grandeur, still my gaze above
The common ranged, and fain would bear the stress
Of glory, circling that Celestial Dove,
Which o'er the mystic soul still hovered, less
To hallow than enable to express
The wordless thoughts wherewith it vainly strove.
The breath still wrestled, agitated, wild,
The fiat to pronounce that should dispel
The darkness on the heavenly deeps uppiled:
'Twas uttered, and the light made visible
The *face of that fair region*; reconciled
The yearning powers that sought to speak the spell.

CLXXXVII.

O, now the modest flower beneath my feet
Wooes me to rapture, or within the brook
I mark the inverted heaven with as complete
A joy as when, with an aspiring look,
I scaled the sky with daring indiscreet.
O, meek-eyed maid, hear me without rebuke,
When I confess this heart erewhile ne'er beat
With such a passion as it lately shook.
I could not help our lips together met;
Mine left a fire in thine, and thine in mine,
Which is in either unextinguished yet;
And when we parted, that "good night" of thine,
Without the expected kiss, nigh overset
My heart, that swelled as with a thought divine.

CLXXXVIII.

To thee when first I stooped to greet thy smile,
I seemed a god, who, wandering from the skies,
Would, with the human, soften and beguile
The sternness that protects most deities,
Who, dwelling far from aught that may defile,
Know not our passion's weakness; thy surprise
The greater, charms like thine had means to wile
Me to thy state, though lowly and unwise.—
But I will lift thee by this heart's exchange;
Thou shalt be more than equal, and command
A larger prospect, and a loftier range,
Than those less simple, with a mightier hand
To push their destiny beyond the grange,
win,—with all their power o'er sea or land.

CLXXXIX.

I wander by the margin of the sea,
Duly at eve, or seek the crowded pier,
To watch the boat come in, that, then and there,
My well-belovèd may be brought to me,
Though unexpected not, yet suddenly,
Like one though distant yet for ever near.
O, how the thoughts that to the heart are dear
Make strange the speech, and words bewilder me.—
Alas, not by the water or the land
Comes the sweet hope that in the heart but lives.
Alas, in vain the breeze my brow has fanned,
It burns with shame, but still my heart forgives.
Alone, returning from the unfaithful strand—
What can be true, when Love itself deceives?

CXC.

My breast has leaned against the thorn like thine,
And poured forth all the poetry of pain,
Grief bred of folly, not of thy disdain,
Nurtured of wilfulness, and by design,
Because I played with passion though divine,
And what I felt not had presumed to feign,
Whence I was justly punished, not in vain,
And what thy heart had felt was felt by mine.
I watched thy dwelling, fearing by the door
To enter, through my consciousness of guilt;
But when still closed the lattice where before
Thou satest, chanting to the stars a lilt,
Which I had tuned to verse,—then all was o'er;
The poniard pierced me to the very hilt.

CXCI.

The spell, that I have worded, charms me more
Than her for whom 'twas craftily designed—
Its murmurs linger in my heart and mind,
Like Ocean's ever on the conscious shore ;
And interlink themselves, until I find
A chain is moulded, powerful to bind
The magian's spirit, who misused his lore
To fetter one who no defences wore.
Fair innocence ! the spell pronounced for thee
Has bound not thee alone, as it was meant,
But in thy heart repeated bindeth me,
And holds my heart against my own consent.
If thou art bound, I am no longer free ;
If not, I've been indeed improvident.

CXCII.

Alas ! the fate of Semele was thine—
'Twas thy ambition to be clasped by Jove,
And revel wildly in celestial love.
So to thy earthly yielded the divine :
And when thy face most radiantly did shine,
In his fond smile, that sparkled from above,
And from thy countenance would not remove,
Terror had been more true than triumph fine.
For as the glory grew in that rapt gaze,
The heavenly fire within it kindled more,
And burst at length into a lustrous blaze,
Which, ere it could thy dazzled sense amaze,
Consumed thee with the flames, that upward bore
The aspiring soul by loving taught to soar.

CXCIII.

Into what Star art thou translated now,
Thou conquering martyr of devoted love,
Who wert, and art not? On the earth below,
Thy frame is ashes; but in heaven above,
Thy spirit towers, where other spirits bow,
Kindling the ether; for all flame art thou,
Diffused as yet, ere long insphered to move,
A new-born sister 'midst the sacred grove.
Into this urn thy ashes we will gather,
Whereon thy radiant orb at night shall look,
And gild it with thy loving beams, the rather
For that they suffered undeserved rebuke,
While they composed the form thy soul forsook,
That challenged all so daringly the Father.

CXCIV.

The song-bird widowed of his mate is mute,
And silent hovers near the silent urn;
A voice that once was mellow as a lute,
Is choked with grief, and may no longer suit,
Sweet song that needs sweet music, though it yearn
To shape the thoughts that breathe in words that burn.
Alas! the lonely life may nothing boot;
It wastes, consumes, and reapeth no return.
The moonlight glitters on the marble cold;
It warms not, cheers not; all that is within
Is ashes nought may kindle. Overbold,
Methought my heart was living, and might win
Heat by *its motion*, loving without sin,
But all is pulseless in its withered mould.

CXCV.

Why linger I this side the Jordan flood
In body, seeing my spirit has long since
Found in the Canaan, the new and good,
A better paradise, where man renewed,
Of all the wide creation crownèd prince,
Of deathless glory shall the world convince,
And by unfallen woman fitly wooed,
Banquet on fruit immortal? Wherefore wince?
No longer shiver on the brink, but bathe
Within the River, whose clear waters give
Life to the swimmer, whose wish is to live,
And, free'd at length from trouble, pain and wrath,
Land him where serpent ne'er may soil his path,
Or tempt to Love and Death the sensitive.

CXCVI.

A world unseen behind the Visible
Supports it and sustains, even as the Cause
Includes the effect;—a world of powers and laws,
Like that *within* us, be it heaven or hell;
And we from both can raise, as by a spell,
Phantoms, the which the living Spirit draws
From either sphere; and each with miracle
May haunt the other, making reason pause.—
But oft, alas, we err, and are misled
By semblance, following for the much-loved shape
Another something like. Wherefore we shed
The tears of disappointment, fain escape
By Faith's eclipse in future such mishap,
And mourn afresh the unreturning Dead.

CXCVII.

And can we then not penetrate the Veil,
And see behind its foldings the loved Soul,
That had so late found there her proper goal?
And can so soon the dear remembrance fail
Of him whose thoughts were wont her thoughts control,
That nought survives the parting hour we wail,
No wish, for our reunion, till the whole
Of earthly life be spent, and told the tale?—
O, canst thou commune, in more subtle wise,
With the intelligent spirit of my heart,
That, diving deep into its mysteries,
I may behold with introspective eyes,
Not only the sweet image shrined apart,
But thy sweet self, bright spirit, as thou art?

CXCVIII.

If thou be spirit, haply, like the wind,
Thou mayst be audible, albeit unseen;
If not so, simply because I am blind,
And therefore cannot pierce the gauze between,
Which were transparent else. Were it not kind,
Even now while my great sorrow's wounds are green,
Thy Voice should tell me of thy state serene,
Whispering like that of angels to my mind?
Of that I cannot see, may I not hear?
And so believe? . . . by Hearing letting Faith
Wake in the soul, long doomed to sleep or death,
Until the Word has touched the listening ear?
O, let *thy voice be, like* thy presence, near!
O, let me feel the motion of thy breath!

CXCIX.

Is He not ever nigh of whom are we,
And feel we not His Spirit breathing round,
At once our dwelling, centre, line and bound,
Creator, Father, God? O, answer me!
With Him art thou, and hence I am with thee.
With Him then dwell my thought, and thou art found
Where my heart's chiefest treasures hidden be,
And where my hopes most surely shall be crowned.—
O, Thou, the Eternal and the Infinite,
The Omnipresent, comprehending all;
If I am dazzled 'tis with thy pure light,
That overpowers my created sight,
Which turns away at once its tender ball.
Speak Thou to me; I'll hearken, if Thou call.

CC.

Immortal and invisible, Thou, O King,
The Only Wise, embracest with Thy love
The trusting Soul, Thy presence shadowing
Beneath the asylum of Thy powerful wing,
Lest, if beheld, the light too strong should prove,
Quenching her own; or causing her to cling
To Thy attraction so that she remove
Her proper sphere, and blend with Thine above.—
One single glimpse, and that with caution shielded,
To the impassioned soul hath God e'er yielded;
All else is cloud, and mystery, and night,
And phantom powers by whom the world is wielded,
*Not for her com*fort, but in her despite—
While to herself she seems abandoned quite.

CCI.

Courage, thou fluttering Rider of the storm,
And to its pressure still thy act conform,
While the winds blow, and the waves rise. When erst
His arms were round thee, as they were at first,
Even when his kisses on thy lips were warm,
Yet of thy Lord thou sawest not the form,
Unseen by thee, while thou by him wert nurst,
And cradled on his bosom. At the worst,
The matter read but so, dear friend of mine;
Grant me thy loving mate unseen as then,
Because for contemplation too divine—
Yet take to thee thy inward calm again;
Not absent he, because beyond thy ken,
Nay, though unfelt, yet present may be thine.

CCII.

Look on the Earth, Mother of living creatures,
Once bosomed in the Infinite lay she,
An undefinèd possibility,
A force unfashioned yet, and lacking features.
Anon, distinction grows 'twixt nascent natures,
And then division; *those* ascending free
Above the finite space, perfected statures,
Of excellence archangelic in degree—
And *these* descending, showing like the stars
In the siderial heavens, *each* rolling there
A realm of light, and *all* cherubic cars,
Chariots of animal existence, where
Mátter and *thought* in everlasting wars
Contend for kingship o'er the planet there.

CCIII.

Psyche, while wandering through untrodden wilds,
Found once a quiet spot where she might rest,
And sleep. Her dreams were guileless as a child's,
And wist not what was hovering near her nest.
Young Love looked on. Selecting then the best,
From his full quiver, of his arrows fine,
He aimed it straight at her ungirdled breast,
Wandering himself by chance, though so divine.
—Thus Love was forced to love, where only he
Meant to enforce the nymph to feel his flame,
And suffered all the smart as much as she.
One glance she caught of his divinity,
Kindling desire, whileas he proved the same,
Thus each at once breathed forth the other's name.

CCIV.

Love, and the Soul! O, fain for Love would she
Barter her dower of immortality,
Had highest Wisdom not eternally
Preserved it to her by a firm decree.
One glance, no more, vouchsafed her; then, though nigh,
Darkness still hid him from her tearful eye,
Till longer so resist the wish to see
She could not, and gazed on the Deity.
Sleeping he lay, while on his heavenly brow
Her lamp sheds light; sudden the enamoured Boy,
Alas, awakes and rises. Vanished, now;
Too curious Bride, and ah! too little coy.
The world is all a wilderness, and thou
A widowed pilgrim, seeking her lost joy.

NOTES TO THE SONNETS.

MOTTOES TRANSLATED

I.

Ladies, who perfect knowledge have of love,
With you my lady's praise I will rehearse ;
Not that I hope to perfect such a theme,
But to discourse of it will soothe my mind.—*Dante.*

II.

Wisdom has not exposed without a veil
Her truths to all : what elder time supplies
Greece in her fable, Egypt in the pale
Of sacred emblem, hid from vulgar eyes.—*Metastasio.*

See, also, Sonnet CLXXI. All these allegories in all ages have one burthen ; the story of an adulterous church that claims to be worshipped by her members instead of God, and unfolding the state of mind of the idolater, convicted of error, and driven to inquiry and reformation. The subject, in its poetical development, presents difficulties ; but these have been surmounted in the erotic sonnets of Dante, Petrarca, and, I may add, Shakspere,—on whose series I would refer for an explanation to my inductive critique, in my late volume, entitled. "Shakspere : his Inner Life, as intimated in his Works."

Sonnet XX.

From the winter solstice the noon shadows decrease as the length of the day increases ; until, finally, the day and night are remarked to be of equal length. If, on this day, the diurnal circle *described by the* sun could be marked in the heavens by *circle of light sweeping* from east to west, so that the eye mig

rest upon and retain it; and if, at the same time, the sun's annual path among the fixed stars could be equally exhibited in the heavens by a circle of light, then two circles would be seen to cross each other, and at their point of crossing, the sun would be found. The diurnal circle is called the Equator; the sun's path, the Ecliptic; the point of intersection, the Equinox. As the sun crossed the Equator in the spring and autumn, these points received the names of the Vernal and Autumnal Equinoxes.

Sonnet XXII.

This refers to the great discovery made by Maedler, the director of the observatory at Dorpat, namely, that Alcyone, the principal star in the group of the Pleiades, now occupies the centre of gravity, and is, at present, the sun about which the universe of stars composing our astral system are all revolving.

Sonnet CVI.

This Sonnet refers to the following Myths. 1. Alcyone, daughter of Æolus, married Ceyx, who was drowned as he was going to Claros to consult the oracle. The gods apprised Alcyone in a dream of her husband's fate; and when she found, on the morrow, his body washed on the sea-shore, she threw herself into the sea, and she and her husband were changed into birds of the same name, who keep the waters calm and serene, while they build and sit on their nests on the surface of the sea for the space of seven, eleven, or fourteen days. 2. One of the Pleiades, daughter of Atlas. She had Arethusa by Neptune, and Eleuthera by Apollo. She and her sisters were changed into a constellation. 3. The daughter of Evenus, carried away by Apollo, after her marriage. Her husband pursued the ravisher with bows and arrows; but was not able to recover her. Upon this, her parents called her Alcyone, and compared her fate to that of the wife of Ceyx.— *Vide* "Homer's Iliad," B. ix.

THE MYTHOS OF THE PLANT.

I.

Beautiful the Religion, whose Creed teaches
Man yielded Immortality for Love;
And beautiful the Faith, that still beseeches
The lost gift back, in happier realms above.

II.

There lives a Myth that man hath little heeded,
Though in Love's Paradise no miracle.
See where the Flower hath to the Leaf succeeded,
An orb of Light, transfigured by a spell.

III.

Lo, how with polar impulse now it thrilleth,
And now its rays impregn the pistil's germ.
Ah, rapturous impulse!—but the rapture killeth;
And now the Plant begins its mortal term.

IV.

O, who can look on Beauty, and not cherish
The arrow that destroyeth in his heart?
We tremble as we gaze, and loving perish,
Fear to embrace, and linger loth to part.

v.

Yet both must be, the meeting and the parting,
The ecstasy of gladness and of grief:
But while the bosom with the stroke is smarting,
The Love that pained sends also the relief.

vi.

'Tis sweet to die, when Love inflicts the anguish
Of the dear wound whereof the Plant must fade.
We love to note the vision, as we languish,
Of the armed hand that grasps the lifted blade.

vii.

We greet the point that, in the heart it pierceth,
Leaveth the image of the form beloved,
And Life reneweth in the corse it hearseth,
Quickening the slain by magic unreproved.

viii.

Thus Parents in their Children live for ever,
And generations still their tale repeat;
How Love survives, and how Corruption never
The Soul may see, in deathless arms complete.

ix.

Love smiles, while Danger threatens, and, 'midst Terror
Laughs at the tumult; and, deep in the dark,
Gleaming amidst the clouds of sin and error,
Discerns far-off the small and embryon spark.

X.

Vooes it from out its birthplace in the distance,
And brings it close, enlarging as it nears,
'ill, like the day-star, it subdues resistance,
And light immortal gleams in human tears.

XI.

'n Man or Woman's cheek alike they glisten,
Globules, or deathless worlds, howe'er concealed;
Iide in their fountain till the touched Heart listen,
Then in their glory sudden are revealed.

XII.

'hus Love wins back for Man the long lost treasure,
His Immortality, though forfeit erst,
ınd endless blessings, boundless in their measure,
Make Second Eden better than the First.

[NOTE.—At the moment when the two cosmic principles of ıe plant have attained to their intensest polarity, a dormant ıemical process is awakened by an electrical process; the plant ırills with self-excited motion; but at that moment the plant ægins to expire.—Oken's System of Nature. translated by *J. B. 'allo.*]

HEBE.

I.

Hebe, clad in robes of light,
Pure as Heaven's own inner white,
Sailing through the summer air,
From the gods the goblet rare
Bears to man; a gift divine,
Full of consecrated wine.

II.

Yet, with caution in her looks,
The too-eager hand rebukes:
"Though the drink be holy, yet
Bounds on all desires are set;
Temperance, of all things divine,
Is divinest,—Spare the Wine!"

MAN AND GOD.

I.

Too pure and subtile for our Seeing,
Not found in all we know as real,
Not classed with aught that we call Being,
Thou art, O God! the True Ideal.

II.

Shadows, the objects of thy seeing,
All that thou knowëst but ideal,
Save me is nought that is True Being,
I am, O Man! the Only Real.

THE BIBLE.

AN ODE.

I. 1.

God's Thoughts are Words; and, ere articulate air,
The Spirit breathe, that syllables each tone—
And these are Angels, and for praise or prayer
Have Harps to hymn the Being, whence their own.

I. 2.

So Music was—like Wisdom beautiful,
Lovelike—and to herself a spoken Light,
A Sun not seen but heard—nor dim, nor dull—
Albeit, save to the soul, dark, dumb as night.

I. 3.

Bring Psaltery—bring Dulcimer—
Bring Timbrel, Cithern, Lyre—
And let them sing to mortal ear
The numbers that conspire
To lift our thoughts behind the sphere,
In the dread presence of the Eternal Sire,
That they, among the immortal Ones,
May join the Sport of Daughters and of Sons.

II. 1.

veet child is Music, uttering simple sounds,
Half-insignificant, half-consciously;
ıt soon baptised, in meaning she abounds,
And Nymphs Castalian name her Poesy.

II. 2.

ıus, from twin lips in motion, Words enchant
The listening Ghost of caves auricular,
'ho, thus impregned, conceives, in loneliest haunt,
Thoughts that embrace the Future and Afar.

II. 3.

h! Thoughts to Words gave primal birth,
Nor Words would waken Thoughts in vain:
nd as from Heaven descended Earth,
Earth so can rise to Heaven again';
nd, whether thought or spoken forth,
Still Music liveth, loveth in the strain—
Now, boon and blithe, in bridal dance,
Fair Bridesmaids, and brave Paranymphs, advance.

III. 1.

y Truth thou hast been wooed, Celestial born!
Once Music termed, then Poesy, and now
nother name shall crown thy marriage morn,
Religion, so called from thy spoken vow.

III. 2.

And from the sacred union of your hearts,
Is born Idea;—virgin evermore,
Yet do her Children visit heavenly parts,
With Angels wed, with Seraphim adore.

III. 3.

But still in Thoughts and Words of power,
For Poesy and sounding Song
Thou keepest the Record of thy dower;
And what thine offspring learn among
The bowers on high, in rapture's hour,
Thus writest in cadence sweet and diction strong—
"In *the* Beginning He was heard,
And in *the* End shall be, that Living Word!"

SEBASTOPOL.

A WAR-EPIC.

NON CONVERSIAMO SEMPRE COGLI AMICI,
IN QUESTA PIU OSCURA CHE SERENA
VITA MORTAL, TUTTA D'INVIDIA PIENA.

Ariosto.

INTRODUCTION.

The following poem forms a Duan of a larger poem, or rather series of poems, entitled, "The Angel of the Ages," not yet published. In the first stanza, the Fourth Seal, Fourth Trumpet, and Fourth Vial of St. John's Apocalypse are here referred to, which are supposed by the writer to be synchronous, and to commence with the sixteenth century, describing a cycle of 500 years, ending with the year 2000 A.D. A similar period is understood to belong to the previous and succeeding seals, trumpets, and vials, this making the entire prophecy to cover the space of 3500 years (*i. e.*, a time, times, and half a time), from the dawn of the Christian era to the complete establishment of the Theocracy, inaugurated by the preaching of Jesus of Nazareth. On this hypothesis, the author has written a separate but unpublished treatise.

In the fourth stanza, allusion is made to the fact that Louis Napoleon, on assuming the empire, named himself "Protector of the Holy Places;" but finding that the jealousy of the Czar was thereby excited, afterwards withdrew the obnoxious title. The incident, however, appears to have determined the Emperor of All the Russias, to the fatal course which he subsequently adopted.

In the fifth stanza reference is made to the Scripture, which states that "the Land shall not be sold for ever, for the land is mine." This text assures religious readers that Jerusalem can never be occupied by a power such as Russia, that would at once incorporate it with other territories. Mehemet Ali made the attempt, when he attacked and conquered Syria; but the powers of Europe interfered to prevent him from gaining his point, and in negotiating terms of peace between the two countries, ordered him *to restore Palestine* to Turkey, which, though at first he *refused, he was at length* compelled to do. The creed of th

Turks forbids them to claim the soil, though they have "divided the land for gain." The pashas hold their occupations by no tenure, and when deprived of them have not even the privilege of complaint. Nor can the Jews sell any part of the land from one to another.

In the seventh stanza I have drawn attention to a remarkable historical fact. During the reign of Marco, the third Duke of Naxos, Baldwin, the last Latin Emperor, was driven from Constantinople, and took refuge at Naxos, whence he finally retired to Negropont, and thence to Italy. * * * During the reign of James, the thirteenth Duke, in 1453, Mahomet II. succeeded in seating himself on the throne of Byzantium. But, at this period, the Turks were too busily and importantly occupied in arranging the affairs of their recent conquest on the continent, to devote the requisite attention and energy to the reduction of the islands. For nearly a century, the successive dukes remained unmolested, and *blindly relying on the popular fallacy, which represented the Turks as powerless, and on the verge of annihilation*, they continued to aid each *feeble enterprize undertaken by the monarchs* of Christendom for their subversion.

Solyman I., in 1522, obtained the mastery of the Cyclades. Having found occasion for a quarrel with the Venetians, he had attempted the reduction of Corfu; but being baffled there, and unwilling to withdraw his forces without some shadow of reason, he ordered Cassin Pacha, the Sangiac of the Morea, to invest Napoli di Romania, and Barbarossa to sail round the Peninsula, in order to support him with his fleet. In pursuance of these instructions, the Turkish Capitan Pasha was entering the Argolic Gulf, whence he encountered a galley of John Crispo, the Duke of Naxos, bearing to the Venetian Proveditor a letter, containing an intimation of the Sultan's designs.

The efforts of Barbarossa against the city were unavailing; and though the failure was not attributable to the advices of Crispo, the Turk resolved to remunerate him for his good intentions. He appeared before Naxos with a fleet of seventy sail, and the terrified Duke had no other resource than submission. He repaired on board the Ottoman galley, and surrendered the keys of the fortress, accompanied by a large douceur of gold and jewels. Barbarossa accepted the gifts, and handing the keys to his lieutenant, gave up the island to spoliation, whilst he reserved to himself the sacking of the ducal palace. During three weeks

liated chieftain sat upon the deck of the plunderer's vessel,
s to the destruction of his capital; and, at length, when
further remained to destroy, Barbarossa consented to
terms. John was reinstated as a vassal of the Porte,
dominion restored on the terms of his contributing an-
000 crowns to the coffers of the Sultan. He closed with
rading proposal, and Barbarossa retired to plunder the
which remained as the appanages of the Sommacivas,
and other distant branches of the reigning family. See
es Emmerson Tennent's "History of Modern Greece."
e nineteenth stanza, it is stated that each rampart fortalice
tected by one above it. Behind the forts of the two
the Russians had constructed a formidable second line of
rks, heavily armed, which commanded all the works in
ith the exception of the Malakhoff Tower, and this excep-
due to the overcare of the Russians, who, in their anxiety
gthen the Malakhoff, had built its works in three tiers, the
ig above the other, whereas the Redans were constructed
ly one tier of guns. The consequence of this was, that
e French swarmed on to the first tier of the Malakhoff, the
ier saved them from being hurt by the fire of the works
ear of the Tower; and, in like manner, when they attained
nd tier, the third saved them in its turn.
e thought it better to give these items of information to
.er, before he commences the perusal of the poem, rather
print them in the shape of notes either at the foot of the
at the conclusion of the work.

Translation of Motto.

do not converse always with friends in this mortal life,
more cloudy than serene, and altogether full of envy."

The Fourth Seal.

"And I looked, and behold a Pale Horse: and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him. And power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth."—*Rev.* vi. 8.

The Fourth Trumpet.

"And the Fourth Angel sounded, and the third part of the sun was smitten, and the third part of the moon, and the third part of the stars; so as the third part of them was darkened, and the day shone not for a third part of it, and the night likewise."—*Rev.* viii. 12.

The Fourth Vial.

"And the Fourth Angel poured out his Vial upon the sun; and power was given unto him to scorch men with fire. And men were scorched with great heat, and blasphemed the name of God, which hath power over these plagues: and they repented not to give him glory."—*Rev.* xvi. 8—9.

SEBASTOPOL.

I.

To him who saw in Patmos' isle,
The Vision of the Blessed, erewhile, . . .
What shows this world, if down he bend
From Heaven, to note its course and end?
The War in Heaven on earth reflected,
'Twixt Darkness and the Light expected,
Wherewith all nature still must groan,
Until her Victor she shall own.
Still Death provokes his pallid steed,
And Hades follows him with speed:
Still Sword, and Hunger, and Decay,
Rejoice, with beasts, o'er man, their prey.
Sun, moon, and stars, by day and night,
Still veil a third part of their light.
Still men plagues he, with fiery trial,
Who poureth on the sun his vial;
And they blaspheme the Name Divine,
While unrepentant they repine.
—Meantime on HIM who hath the Bow,
The crownèd Conqueror, seated so
On his White War-horse, not alone,
His *vesture dipped* in blood, his own,
Wait armèd throngs, with triumph-songs,

All clad alike in spotless weeds,
Their garments white as are their steeds;
Lo, He that Cavalcade precedes.

II.

The East and West have heard the cry,
And join their voices in reply:
The blustering North, with bruin growl,
Sends forth his griesly troop to prowl.
From day-spring to the sun reposing,
The Purpose of the Age disclosing;
Time, from the abyss, aids Truth to rise,
And shows the Venus to the skies.
Alas, with mystic labour torn,
Earth shakes, that Beauty may be born!
Blood flows; and Famine, proved intense,
Slays thousands; myriads, Pestilence.
Thrones totter, altars reel, and Power
Presages Revolution's hour.
Ye, Superstitions! hence; ye, Idols!
Are needed not at Wisdom's bridals;
Through whom the usurpèd Name ye wear
Insult, and scorn has had to bear.
—Meanwhile, in minds through knowledge strong,
Genius, o'er wrecks of tyrant wrong,
Immortal still, though wounded sore,
The martyr standard bleeding bore;
By deed and word, and thought unheard,
A holier victory had achieved,
For Freedom by the brave believed;
Faith oft betrayed, but ne'er deceived.

III.

O, Palestine! lived, suffered, died,
Upon thy soil the Crucified.
Hence dear art thou, O father-land,
To Jew and Christian; visions grand
And fair, explained in tones pathetic,
Such as of yore made men prophetic,
To both, of sorrow and redress,
Come when the soul is slumberless.
What, though, the cause and slave of strife,
Thou languish, scarce with sign of life,
And fertile be the spots no more,
Where milk and honey flowed before;
Yet still the ground is sacred ground,
And plants, and bees, and dates abound;
And there the Islam, fate-confessing,
Reaps, indolent, the ready blessing.
To Arab hordes, on plunder bent,
The husbandmen perforce consent;
Yet late has Law, by Egypt made,
Restrained the robber's ancient trade.
What, though the Sepulchre be yet
Ruled by the Shade of Mahomet,
And Latin war with Greek and Czar,
Even on the covering of the grave
Of Him who perished all to save;
Both hold one hope, one rescue crave.

IV.

The *Eagle of the* Muscovite
Now flutters from its bannered height,

And marks its quarry from afar,
The spot were such contentions are:
Those holy places whereto tending,
The Eagle of the Frank, defending,—
While still the British Lion sleeps,
Though watching by the expectant deeps,
Ready, whenever duty calls,
To rend the bondage that enthrals,—
Shrieks once to sky its summons thus,
And then is silent: but the Russ,
As if from many caverns sent,
Echoes as in defiance meant,
Responds with constant replications,
Awakening up the listening nations.
Proud Autocrat! the strife beware—
Fire lives in the compressèd air,
Articulated oft with word,
Which, when with acclamation heard,
Sounds to the soul like Victory,
Breathes from the lips as Liberty.
In Britain's ear the word peals clear;
The People rouse them from their dream,
Their tardy Rulers learn the theme:
Hark, cannon roar; lo, sabres gleam.

v.

The Land is Thine, nor shall be sold,
Howe'er debased, howe'er controlled;
God of the Patriarchs! Wherefore they
Who yield to Thee the soil now sway,
And occupy it by Thy order,
Their Prophet's bountiful rewarder!

Armed with the Word, the Sword, of Truth,
They throng the Danube and the Pruth.
"Allah-il-Allah!" is the word,
The flashing cimiter the sword:
Shall Wallach soil the Russian tread,
And Moldave's peasant live in dread;
And shall the Ottoman forbear
To smite the Invader, then and there?
Forbid it Thou, the World's Creator,
Redeemer and Regenerator,
Who set the Crescent and the Cross,
For symbols of our gain and loss.
—Peace, that so long a sabbath psalm
Hath breathed, now deepens to a calm;
Such calm as must the prelude be
Of tempest threatening land and sea;
Profound repose, whence terror grows,
And they who serve, and they who reign,
Who dwell on mountain or in plain,
Trembling await the hurricane.

VI.

And in this quiet may be seen,
Where looks the sky the most serene,
Yet where the danger is not least,
Three Angels, guardians of the East;
Prince of the Trumpet, Seal, and Vial,
The Fourth of either mortal trial;
Who for five centuries rule maintain,
Until the twentieth end the reign,
That with the sixteenth age began,
A cycle full of signs for man.

And there, methought, in sainted rest,
I saw amongst them heroes blest,
Luther and Milton, Wallace wight,
Dante and Shakspere, bards of light,
With Hampden, Washington, and others,
A band of demigods and brothers,
Who dared the chains aside to fling,—
Forged by a tyrant priest or king
To fetter souls,—of Papal schism,
Civil and moral despotism;
Or rend them link by link away,
From minds that hailed the rising day.
Now, they discourse, at morning's source,
While, to the Orient from afar,
Gather the nations to the war,
Against the armies of the Czar.

[VII.

Hence can I view the prospect wide,
The opening heaven, the rolling tide.
Would I might proudly die, my Soul!
Or here, or at Sebastopol.
But War invades the Despot's pillow,
Worse than on battle-field and billow.
O Stamboul! still thy vision gleams,
Amidst the Czar's ambitious dreams—
And Ishmael, like a pilgrim old,
And worn with warfare, there behold;
From bed of ail to bier of death,
Is but the passing of a breath,
Then, who may not divide his wealth?
Fool! know "The Wild Man" is in health;

'Twas thus erewhile the like illusion
The Naxiot led to his confusion.
On board the galley of the Turk
The craven duke was fain to lurk,
Yielding the keys he might not keep,
And see his city made a heap.
Thus, too, the proud Venetian fought,
But from his victory failure bought.
The Isles serve still. The Sultan's will,
O, Greece!—rebellious to his sway—
Thy Church's Patriarchs must obey,
Who gave them life, when none had they.

VIII.

What though the Russ confess thee god,
Thou art but even an idol-clod;
And lo, the Iconoclast of old
Smites both the image and the mould.
Thou heretic, Heaven's self-styled proxy,
Champion of senile orthodoxy;
Vain Autocrat, so proud of mien,
In stature so majestic seen,
What all thy beauty and thy power?
Death will not linger, for an hour;
A greater tyrant than thyself,
He breaks thee on that rocky shelf,
'Gainst which thy rage would vainly urge,
And thou art foam who late wert surge.
I look within the palace portal—
That lifeless corse? The god was mortal!
Disasters of Crimean war
Cleft the stout heart of iron Czar.

O, who of all that host so brave,
Who guard the fortress doomed their grave,
And willing perish for the chief,
The deity of their belief,
Will credit, now, the sudden blow,
That strikes the worshipt from his shrine,
And makes him, like that clay of thine,
Dust whereon sun no more may shine?

IX.

From Malakhoff and Mamelon
Boom shot and shell, and travel on
Through the mid air, and overpass,
As unobserved, the armèd mass,
Who listen all this Sabbath-morning
In silence to the preacher's warning;
Unheeding he, unheeding they,
All danger on this hallowed day.
And sooth to tell, more constant still
The missives than their means to kill.
Idly upon the wind they sail,
And seldom courage needs to quail;
For thus a special Providence
O'errules malignant influënce.
So full of mercy, man's demerit
Wins pity from his Maker's Spirit;
He who the sinner still would save,
From thee, thou unrepentant Grave!
And while they think of Inkermann,
And Alma, as they only can,
Each warrior bold dissolves with ruth,
In presence of the tender truth.

'Neath breasts of steel are hearts that feel,
And muse on childhood's happier day,
Of fields whereon they wont to play,
Of friends and kindred far away.

X.

O, Alma! fair the morning sun
Shone on thee ere the strife begun—
Gleam Cossack lances in its light,
Crowns the steep hills their armèd might.
Descend they now; before their firing
Our cavalry awhile retiring;
Whence grow they bolder—bolder still,
Advancing lower down the hill,
Then pause—no further space allowed:—
Our shell their infantry had ploughed,
While on our right the French upcrept,
And swiftly away their columns swept.
Retreat the Russ beyond the height,
Their watchfires we beheld at night,
There where, like cliffs that skirt the ocean,
Its summits teem with form and motion.
We clomb the sides—on those who fell
Their guns and rifles told too well.
Bluff on the shore, our steamers sent,
On battery and battlement,
Their deadly shot; our serried ranks
Swarm in the stream, and on the banks,
Along the bridge, on every ridge;
Even at a bound the deed was done;
The Russ from their own cannon run:
Thus, Alma! was thy battle won.

XI.

'Midst ruins, over hill and dale,
Beneath the burning sun, we trail
Our wearied limbs, till we behold
Sebastopol, through wood and wold ;
And from the hill-top we survey, now,
The narrow Balaklava bay, now,
Like highland tarn, a crescent slip,
Yet in it many a floating ship.
By the ravine that nears the creek,
The French command each hilly peak,
The Osmanli in patience wait,
The army gathers, scorning fate.
Explosion now, and cannonade,
And smoke, make earth and heaven afraid.
Nought else is seen by stifled wonder,
Nought heard but that incessant thunder,
Save when the trumpet, bugle, drum,
Make startled sense less wearisome.
Shall courage answer not this cheer,
And thrice itself at once appear,
Abandon caution as too cold,
Not fearing to be overbold ?
Now shall we see what Cavalry
Can do in exigence extreme,
Indignant of the doubts that seem
To undervalue self-esteem !

XII.

Alas ! that hearts should beat too high ;
O, fatal pride of Chivalry !—
There, where the mountain and ravine

Receive the valley darkly in,
By the pale rocks the Cossacks hide them,
Shunned by the timid Turks beside them!
No sooner sounds the trumpet, than
Each horse is saddled by its man,
And down into the gorge they rush:
To die were better than to blush!
While from the heights spectators gaze,
As in a theatre, with amaze.
Then came the shock of battle; then
The sacrifice of bravest men.
The charging columns shook and quivered,
Lances and sabres flashed and shivered;
Rush on, engulphed but not dismayed,
The heroes of the Light Brigade.
With silence awed, we hear the fire
Relieved, look forward and admire;—
Loud is the cheer, and wild the shout,
The Russ is doomed to utter rout.
Behold the foe. Now forward go!
Rush they on death that Cavalry?
Avenged to-morrow shall they be,
Pour now their life-blood lavishly.

XIII.

In shadow and in cloud began
The famous fight of Inkermann.
Gloom and thick smoke still overhead,
Throughout the battle, grew and spread.
Who may describe the deeds of daring,
Of *maddened* men grown wild, despairing,
In glens and valleys, glades and dells,

Where fog, or mist, or vapour swells,
And foemen meet, and never part,
Until the life-blood quits the heart?
There, by the hill's most rapid fall,
Took place the deadliest fight of all;
Ne'er ceased the thunder of the gun,
Of shot and shell; what lost, what won,
Whence they were come, and whither going,
In darkness and in rain none knowing.
In the ravine, and by the hill,
We meet, we mingle, strive and kill,
The weapon's crash, the musket's fire,
Defy, disdaining to retire.—
In volleys of dense smoke concealed,
The French battalions reach the field;
Their faces shine with light divine,
Their trumpets sound with louder blare,
Their victor shouts convulse the air—
The day is won, though Night be there.

XIV.

O, weary days! O, weary nights!
Armies allied for human rights!
Besiege ye still that stubborn hold,
Whose walls defend those serpents old,
Blind Power, and Prejudice and Error,
That filled but late the world with terror;
But now must lurk, and be confined
Those mural battlements behind?
Vain may the foe its sorties aim,
In light or darkness; still the same,
The sons of Britain, or of Gaul,

Respond alike to sudden call,
And in the pit, or on the plain,
The bodies of the Russ lie slain.
Hark, now, the cannonade incessant,
O, Victors of the Cross, and Crescent!
United thus in Freedom's cause,
Your thunders win the Heavens' applause,
That echo from on high, afar,
Those mighty Voices of great War.
Peal they in vain? The Fortress stands,
Like fabric built by Titan hands—
But firmer still the warrior will—
What though a hecatomb it cost,
That city must be won and lost,
Or shame befall that myriad host.

XV.

O, contrasts strange! A prairie spreads—
Four nations camp in flowery meads—
From sea to sea; from mast to mast,
That tower against that city vast,
Or in the harbours shine out barely,
Lo, the besiegers house them yarely.
The Genoese fortress on the sea
Looks, where the sail floats full and free.
Eastward the Turks are posted near,
Their droning music you may hear;
In shady bowers, with slumberous spell,
The turbaned chiefs at leisure dwell;
And waving grass and thistle tall,
And flowers that flourish amid all,
Lupin and vetch, and others nameless;

By British feet are trodden blameless;
While there the Gaul's white tents arise,
Reflecting light from summer skies.
Meantime, the sounds of battle roll,
From the guns that hedge Sebastopol.
Once more the triumph bosom brave
Heaves—triumph, never felt by slave.
And now the troops, in earnest groups,
For work impatient, murmuring say,
"Why take we not the town to-day?
Why should we for an hour delay?"

XVI.

Impatient valour! have thy wish—
Lo, the Redan and Malakhoff,
To-morrow brought within thy reach,
But not thy grasp. Repulse, whereof,
Meseems, too-prudent Raglan perished:
O, be his memory duly cherished!
But what are checks to Fortitude?
Ours not the virtue of the rude,
But the persistent energy
Of the intelligent and free.
Gradual his works the Engineer
Advances surely everywhere.
They creep like trellis where they can,
Up Malakhoff, up the Redan.
Battery to battery has succeeded,
Trench after trench, and sap unheeded.
The diligent win, day by day,
And night by night, their patient way;
Scorning the guns of friend and foe,

Onward beneath the fire they go.
Expectant of the assault at hand,
Terror and Vengeance anxious stand.
Ne'er heart heroic of Saint or Stoic
Dared death more dreadlessly and whole,
Than now, *within* Sebastopol,
Each dauntless Gallic, British, soul.

XVII.

Their feet are planted on the walls,
Whence never they recede with life.
Meantime comes rumour that appals,
Of Sveabourg stormed in naval strife.
Whence the besieged, their fears avouching,
Beneath their battlements lie crouching.
Then, taking courage from despair,
Resolve the open field to dare.
Tchernaya's banks, ere morning break,
Shall with the tramp of armies shake.
Beware, ye sleepers! Silently,
The stealthy Russ advances nigh;
No drum they beat, no clarion sound,
All veiled in mist, they near the ground:
Awake, ye Gauls! ye Sardes! awaken—
Attack—repulse—the Bridge is taken;
By the Zouave pursued with loss,
Anon the Traktir they re-cross:
The air grows clear;—lo, where they now
Sweep down the heights of Tchouliou,
The loud artillery to meet,
That *soon* enforces their retreat.
Now vain is skill. The ruling will

To drunken valour leaves the field;
Idly to that hath it appealed,
Opposed to hosts that never yield.

XVIII.

Brave Sardes! Yes, many a heart beats hig
In the proud city of Turin:—
Brave Gauls! in Paris loftily
They tell the tale to Britain's queen.
O, thus allied, three mighty nations
Mingle their hopes and exultations—
Thy Crystal palace, France! within,
The Man of Destiny and Sin,
With the World's Civilizer, claims
The happy auspice of their aims—
Industrial aims, that consecrate
The union of each fruitful state—
Union sublime for Liberty—
Issue supreme in Victory.
O, dawn of hope for social doer;
If bard and hero both the truer.
Mysterious Heaven! that so befriends,
By strangest means, the noblest ends,
Disguising motives pure and good
'Neath evil garb and aspect rude,
That, unsuspected by brute Power,
They may attain their triumph-hour.
Do what they may, will come the day,
When Fraud and Force shall conquered be,
With their own weapons, by the Free,
And man, O God! be worthier Thee.

XIX.

Brave Gauls ! still yearns each warrior soul,
Within, about, Sebastopol.
The Hour long hoped-for comes at last ;
For Thought is Time, or slow or fast.
With step feline the trench up-creeping,
From tier to tier, your progress keeping,
The foe, surprised by you, cast out,
Yields first the Lines, next the Redoubt.
Those have ye forced, have carried this ;
Thronging each rampart fortalice,
By that above protected yet,
Until upon the parapet
Ye plant the Standard of the Free :
Such are ye now, so shall ye be.
Above that loftiest Tower it floateth ;
The beaten foe the signal noteth—
"Shame shall that flag, even from thy height,
O, Malakhoff ! the Muscovite ?
Assail it with resurgent power—
O, pluck it from that loftiest tower !"—
Vain rage ! the Gaul in its defence,
Is proof 'gainst desperate violence.
On heaps of dead his footsteps tread,
Wherefrom beholds he, mid of night,
The flaming town the roadstead light,
Where sinks the Rusian fleet in sight.

XX.

That Standard saw, even floating thus,
The Sons of Britain emulous.
To the Redan their thousands crowd,

In hope elate, with courage proud ;
'Tis carried. But then Valour quaileth :
From crenellated walls there haileth
The grape-shot shower so fierce and fell
It maketh life impossible.
And may not, too, beneath the line,
Be spread unseen the treacherous mine ?
"On, men !" their Leaders vainly call :
But One no terrors may appal—
There Windham stood, the Brigadier,
The sole survivor, void of fear—
While still the grape the salient rounded,
And rifle-bullets slew and wounded.
O'er trench and parapet went he,
To the Fifth Parallel dreadlessly,
Of Codrington demanding aid ;
But ere to him response was made,
The men into the ditch had leaped,
And death a bloody harvest reaped.
"The foe," he cried, "we had defied,
Had but in time, in rear and van,
Each present officer and man
In order marched on the Redan !"

XXI.

One after one, the waves roll o'er,
(Lurid with glare of fires on shore,)
The Russian vessels; while explode,
On the besieged's despairing road,
Fort, battery, magazine, for ever
Blown up in mad and lost endeavour.
At day-break, there the warriors stood,

On ruins stained with fire and blood,
The dead and dying at their feet,
A routed army, in retreat
Toward the roadstead's northern side,
Before them, as they looked with pride,
And wonder, 'midst their self-respect,
Upon their daring's great effect,
Admired what they had triumphed over,
With eye almost of friend or lover.
Here had the foe, with master skill,
Raised firm and high his earthy hill,
Colossal parapet, and aid
To fortify and shelter made;
Each piece a work of soldier art,
Of patient hand and valiant heart.
'Twas worth the labour of gun and sabre,
To conquer one whose skill and power
Gave triumph even to victory's hour,
And added to her laurelled dower.

XXII.

Who dies upon the battle-field
He conquers, though compelled to yield;
He wins a mansion in the skies—
A chamber in the grave supplies
The soil whereon he fought and perished—
Such is the creed by Islam cherished.
Brief other triumphs. Mourn for Kars!
Such changes wait on brutal wars.
O, not with thee, Sebastopol!
Have fallen the dungeons of the soul.
Still reigns the Harlot o'er earth's kings

Doing abominable things.
Still Babylon, albeit old,
Stands firm, and deals in merchant gold,
In silver, pearls, and purple clothing,
In slaves, and souls that burn with loat
Yet may we see the future doom
Of the Great City hourly loom,
May hear her patrons weep and wail,
Fearing for riches that must fail,
When, in one hour, on-rushing fate
Makes temple and palace desolate—
No more her lies, and sorceries,
The suffering nations shall deceive—
O, Saints! rejoice; O, Tyrants! grieve:
GOD punishes without reprieve.

XXIII.

Shall then be found in her subdued,
Of prophets and of saints the blood—
The blood of all that on the earth
Were slain since the First-born had birt
Since Enos rose, a refuge needed,
Where civic usage first was heeded.—
We for a holier city wait,
Where cherubs watch at every gate;
Wherein of temples there be none,
GOD being Himself the only One;
Wherein no light of sun or moon,
GOD shedding there perpetual noon;
Wherein the nations of the saved
Shall walk erect and unenslaved.
But first the Angels must have trial,

Those of the Trumpet, Seal, and Vial—
Those Three, and yet thrice Three beside,
Ere Ocean cease to roll his tide,
And a New Earth and a New Heaven
Descend, to comfort the Forgiven,
And God to dwell with men delight,
There present where shall be no Night.
Thus speaketh He to thee and me:
"No perils the Elect appal—
He overcomes, though star-worlds fall,
And, as my Son, inherits all."

SCRIPTURAL PARAPHRASES.

"In the Beginning Elohim (Covenanting Powers) projected the Heavens (*a*) and the Earth (*b*). And the Earth was waste and wild, and Darkness was upon the faces of the deeps (*a*). And the breath of Elohim agitated the faces of the waters (*a*). And Elohim said, Light, be; and Light was.—*Corrected Translation.*

(*a*) Many. (*b*) One.

THE ONE AND THE MANY.

(IN RHYTHMICAL PROSE.)

Genesis i. 1—3.

I.

O Mystery! the Self-Intelligent, before all ages,
The Self-Intelligible, in which all are present,
In one Intelligence subsisting, nothing above or beyond it;
The Subject which is its own Object, the Identity making the Triad;
The Sublime beholding the Beautiful, the Infinite and the Eternal.
What lives in the Object thou sëest? The One and the Many projected,
The Earth and the Heavens—both summed in the Universe cosmic (*a*).
But still the Idea is unspoken; a Word has yet to be uttered,
An Oath to be sworn, a Covenant yet to be written,
Not in the articulate air, nor yet on marmoreal tables,
But in a Personal Being, an Object which is a Subject.
—The Earth is uncultured, unpeopled; the Deeps are covered with Darkness.

(*a*) See Sonnets CI. and CII.

Their faces are veiled, until the dread Silence be broken.—
Now, moveth the Breath that shall break it; 'tis stirring, it gathers in volume;
About the waters it murmurs, and grows to a wind loud and louder;
On their faces it hovers, and travails, in pain and with labour,
To speak the loud Fiat, the Word, the Idea, and the Oath,
The Covenant made from the first alike with the One and the Many.
Hark, it thunders—the Voice for which the abysses are listening—
"Light, be;" Light is, revealing at once and for ever
The Intelligence creant, Eternal and Infinite Being.

II.

What said we—the Idea was unspoken, the Word not yet uttered,
The Oath, and the Covenant, yet to be sworn, to be written?
O, but in the order of thought these rational falsehoods were ventured,
The thought that holdeth of time, and of human speech maketh leasing;
For the Word and the Oath are eternal, so also the Idea and the Covenant,
One with Intelligence alway; and so be the One and *th e Many.*
Nor is the Voice silent, nor has been, nor will be here*after*—

And Light still advances, and still more gloriously reveals itself
The sempiternal Intelligence, which pours like a river on objects,
And, in the living subject, lights a fountain still flowing and bounteous,
Begetting more objects, and more, never ending, and never beginning;
A procreant Love, eternal and infinite; productive in ceaseless progression.

III.

All in Light liveth He who is All, and giveth the Light to His Offspring—
In Him is no Darkness whatever; and His Word is the Light that He gives
To all who are born of the Truth, to Man who is made in His image.

NOTE.—"The heavens," "the faces of the deeps," and "the faces of the waters," are all in the *plural*, in the Hebrew original, though not in the English translation, and mean the same things;—"Earth" is in the *singular*. For the true interpretation of the passage, it is needful to note this distinction.

PSALM CXXVII.

I.

Unless the Eternal build, in vain
The workmen rear the ancestral hall;
Unless the Eternal keep, in vain
The watchmen guard the city's wall.
Vain early matin, vigil late,
In vain we wake, in vain we weep,
And idly eat the bread of care;
He giveth his Belovèd Sleep.

II.

Heirs of the Eternal, children are,
His guerdon, and his promised hire;
As arrows in the mighty's hands,
Are offspring to the youthful Sire.
Thrice happy is the man who hath
His household quiver full: for lo,
Nor he nor they shall e'er be shamed,
But in the gate subdue the foe.

THE BRIDES OF VENICE.



SCRIPTURAL PARAPHRASES.

And on its deck, see Ali stand,
The first in stature and command;
A Prince amid that Corsair band.

Late at his power was struck a blow
By the old and valiant Dandolo,
Who met but to subdue his foe;

Warrior more brave ne'er Venice had,
And virgin hearts in her were glad;
But the brain of Ali Bey grew mad

With the shame of defeat, whenever to thought
The name of old Dandolo back was brought,
And brooded on vengeance—not otherwise taught.

To-morrow morn the destined day
Of Vengeance brings to Ali Bey—
And this the destined spot, where he
Shall spite the Consort of the Sea,
The haughty Ocean-Cybelé,
Venice, the Mother of the Free.
Down from the sky, in the shadow of night,
Descends on the sea a sea of light,
Reflected in the waters blue;
A vision of beauty to me or to you—
But Ali Bey marked nothing of this:
No beauty e'er softened that heart of his—
The waves and the stars were things of use,
He cared not for their tones or hues;
They shone on his path and his bark they upbare;
For the rest, he rejoiced in the ocean and air,

And couched on his deck, like a beast in his lair,
Awaiting his prey, by that Islet fair,
That, on the bosom of the deep,
Lay like a Nautilus asleep.

Thus sleep thou on, till the morning dawn;
The tide that ebbs again must flow;
And be Night's curtains closer drawn,
Around thy groves, Olivolo!

II.

In Venice there is a custom old,
That Men and Maids betrothed each year,
To wed upon St. Mary's eve,
Should write their names in a Book of Gold,
Should at a public rite appear,
Should dowry from the State receive,
And hold a Marriage festival,
With pomp and ceremoniäl.

In proud procession to the shrine,
By Hymen rendered more divine,
Twice six patrician Brides are led:
The Doge himself is at their head.
Follow on that richer band,
Each with the Arcella * in her hand,
And worthy of a worthier fate,
The poorer Daughters of the State,

* *Casket containing the State-Dowry.*

In simpler guise, with humbler mien ;
And, these among, may now be seen
A Maiden fair—the fairest there ;
With brow and cheeks so pale and clear,
No princely forehead polishèd
With more of white and less of red ;
Fair as the new-created light,
That most immaculate pure white,
While the roseate mixtures in her cheek
The lily's innocence but o'erstreak.
And then her lips so rich of hue
Seemed bathed in twilight and in dew,
So sweet the smile on them that slept.
Apart, and slightly open kept,
A pearly gateway they disclose
Into a palace-court of rose,
That led into a honey-bower,
Where lived the Heart—a fragrant power,
That sent from out its living cells
Into her eyes (those oracles,)
Sweet glances and poetic spells ;
Gleaming like Pity's through a tear,
And softened by that crystal sphere.

The Maiden's name you fain would know ?—
Pia Da Berre ; Even so,
'Twas written in the Golden Book,
With his by whom she was beloved.
—This day last year, as it behoved,
Young Andrea dé Capelli took
Her hand in his, while witnessing
The bridal rites, and placed a ring

Upon her finger tenderly;
A pledge that, on this day and year,
Even at the festival now here,
Both at the Altar would appear,
And wed each other faithfully.

And what was he? An Artizan,
Whom toil but made the more a man;
An honest earnest soul sincere,
An independent spirit true,
Whose mind was as a mirror clear,
And from the world no shadow knew,
Undimmed, unclouded, and reflecting
All images without dissecting—
A large pure mind, and full of light,
By Heaven itself informed aright;
A conscience open like the ocean,
And constant in its healthful motion,
Moved by the Spirit-love within,
Like the Celestial Hyaline.

Upon the isle, Olivolo;
Two by two, in mute array,
Veiled and crowned, their solemn way,
A gorgeous group, the Brides move on:
With them alsō—the Brides'-maids go;
All, like Graces, on them tending,
And to St. Mary's Church are wending,
Upon the isle, Olivolo.
Not unobserved by Ali Bey—
Lo, now they enter the Portico,
And after them the crowds have gone,
Upon the isle, Olivolo.

Anon, before the Altar they stood;
Gazed on by a great multitude.—

Then Ali Bey by Allah swore—
"Ha! while they list the Mass," said he,
"Prepare our needful craft may we,
And altogether ready be,
To make our vengeance swift and sure,
When they return by that Portico—
Ho! for the isle, Olivolo!"

So Ali Bey put out to sea,
Proud on his pirate deck stood he—
And to the wind his pennon spread,
A signal to those outlaws brave,
Who swept the Adriatic wave
And by his rule had long been led.
Forthwith from corner and from creek,
Came galley and galliot erst concealed;
Their wrongs on Venice now to wreak:
The Hour of Vengeance is revealed!

III.

The Mass is said, the rite well o'er,
The shriven Brides are light of heart;
Religion and Love were twins of yore,
And never since have been known to part.
Yes, light of heart each merry bride;
Devotion her thoughts had purified,

And tranquilly as befits the good,
She mused on her lover in that blest mood,
Indulged by Faith, when with Hope sustained,
And inspired with Love, by trial unpained,
That virgin love, which, yet an ideal,
Has suffered no contact with the real.
O maiden Brides; half sad your smile,
Half playful by fits, as the shrine each quits,
To wander awhile, 'midst the temple aisle;
Then issues again, unbanded and free,
And looks once more on the treacherous sea.

What murmur was that, as of hornets humming?
Ah! 'tis not the sound of your Bridegrooms' coming.
Yon vessel lies on the water's edge—
But to Hate, not to Love, a votive pledge.
Right-suddenly redeemed 'twill be.
Ah, flee—ye bridal maidens—flee!
A Sabine rape awaits your charms!
Even now each is clasped in a pirate's arms!
'Twas the work of a moment. A tremor of wonder,
The virgins are borne with the might of the thunder,
Down the steps that lead from that Portico,
To a Boat by the sea-brink waiting below.
Almost or ever the victim may shriek,
Or the pallor of fear overspread her cheek,
She is hurried aboard, and disposed on the deck.
Vain the crown on her brow, or the gaud on her neck.
The greater is the renegade's pride,
Who thus hath won patrician bride.
But patrician or pleb it is much the same,
Each corsair has clasped a Venetian dame.

In galliot and galley soon well bestowed.
The barks skim along on their watery road,
With sail and with pennon triumphantly swelling,
While the wail of the brides to the sea-wind is telling
The tale of despair, the wild farewell
To father, and brother, and lover and friend,
That over the waters still rose and fell.
What madness and hope in its cadence blend!
But faint and more faint now it comes on the gale—
That chorus of terror—that desolate wail!

But that wail has entered Pity's ear.
Crowds on the Temple's steps have gathered:
Priests, and statesmen, assemble there,
With him by whom the State is fathered.
True as to time the horologe,
To Venice her first Citizen,
Canadian's self, the mighty Doge;
One hurried glance he gave, and then
Conferred at once with a Council of Ten.
Commands are given, and to and fro
On errands strange his missives go.
In thy tower, St. Mark, lo, the lion-bell swings;
The tocsin of peril aloud out-rings,
And the citadel isles, afar and anear,
Respond anon, as the sound they hear,
That awful alarum to courage and fear.

The Bridegrooms have heard, and faster row,
To reach the isle, Olivolo.
Their hearts are with their treasures there;
An instant, their boats to inland bear.

Them saw the Doge from the shore; nor stirred,
Till into the first himself he threw;
And "follow! follow!" was the word,
That from his lips like lightning flew.

Then shouted Andrea: "Tell me, say—
Pia, my bride! have they borne her away?"
"All—all; none is left; all are gone!"—they replied—
"O, shame to our manhood!" then Andrea cried,
"O, shame to our Venice! if this may be,
That thus the savage enslave the free!
O, craftsmen—now show ye have hearts in your breasts,
Or aye vail your bonnets to nobler crests—
Win back your brides, or bravely fall!
Give us arms!" They are given. "Now follow me,
all!"

From man to man the spell-word ran;
It was thus the pirate chase began.

IV.

Venice is afloat, this day;
pirates make for Istriä.
off seen by the Lovers incensed:
xt these and those the race commenced.
ıot alone 'twixt these and those:
ives 'tween friends as well as foes.

The Dandoli, the Foscoli,
The Conte and Cornari, vie
With the Capelli family,
And Andrea, its head and eye,
That onward, onward, in the van,
Lead thy free trade and artisan,
O, queenly Venice! in that chase—
Outstripping the patriciän.
Honour to him who wins the race;
Or noble, or craftsman, a crown to the lover,
Who first from the Turk his bride shall recover.

The chase, I said, young Andrea led—
Maria Formosa! On thy fair isle,
The Boy and his Bride were born and bred;
There first they welcomed the daylight's smile,
And worshipt the morn and evening-red.
Maria Formosa! the Beautiful
Their souls with these still visited—
O, never dismayed; O, never dull;
Still from the Hours they learned to cull
The flower and fruit—the spirit of joy!
O, happy the youth of the Maid and the Boy.

The chase, I said, young Andrea led—
A breeze springs up to favour the chase;
It favours meanwhile the pirate barks—
"The corsairs yet may win the race.
O, crowd the sail—O, ply the oar—
Each sinew be stiffened in death, before
Ye yield the prize to those lawless sharks!

O, craftsmen! one prayer to your patron saint;
Then, to work with vigour that never shall faint,
Till Venice again sit enthroned at her ease,
The empressof the isles and seas.''

The chase, I said, young Andrea led—
And still his vessel keeps ahead—
And after him the trade-boats sail,
Crowding their canvass to the gale;
But the Patrician barks behind
Woo still in vain the freshening wind,
No thought wastes on them the Artisan:
The thoughts of his bride engross each man;
Of her alone, in this perilous hour,
Crouching in shame to the infidel power,
Her hands clasped in prayer o'er the cross that must now
To the crescent insulting a suppliant bow,
The cross that no longer the captive can save,
In the bark of the ravisher borne over the wave.
"On, craftsmen, on! The foe is before us,
Love burns within us, heaven bends o'er us!"

The chase, I said, young Andrea led—
And lo, at length before his way,
On speeds the galley of Ali Bey.
"Turn thy prow, thou corsair rude!
See by whom thou art pursued—
Now follow me, each artisan!
The lover should be more than man!"
The pirate-bark presents its prow,
On rush the boats to board it now;
Fierce the strife, but, quick and brief,
Surprised the corsairs and their chief.

First Andrea trod the startled deck,
And dauntlessly, amidst his crew,
Smote Ali Bey, and instant slew.
He set his foot upon his neck,
And from his shoulders clove his head;
Then, with the avenger's visage dread,
Hailed her who to his side had sprung—
'Twas Pia to his bosom clung!
One arm embraced the Maiden fair,
One held the Pirate's head in air.
——All, at that sight are filled with zeal;
And, fired by that example, feel
The victor's courage:—daring, they
Pursue, and seize, and board, and slay.
——Of all the crew of Ali Bey,
Not one survived that dreadful day.

Thy honour, Venice! thus made good,
Each Bridegroom clasped his rescued Bride;
But many a noble, shame subdued,
Or feeling betwixt shame and pride—
Contrasting each artisan pinnace there,
With his own, more rich in glitter and gear.
Trophies of prowess, the conflict done,
Numbered the trade-boats two to one;
——Pirate-heads, that ghastily
Looked from their decks to sea and sky,
And wept in blood that victory.

THE END.

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